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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

IN an interview in the "Daily Chronicle" Mr. Lloyd George has spoken of the increase of armaments in language which seems to place him at the head of the Liberal movement of protest. He pointed out that no country gains relatively by the competition, and insisted that there has been no more favorable moment for retrenchment than this for twenty years past. The Anglo-German tension is completely relaxed, for the danger of the Agadir incident brought sanity; our navy is at the height of its efficiency, and all we need do is "just quietly to maintain the superiority we possess at present." Finally, there is a revolt against military oppression throughout Western Europe. Common sense has risen against "this organized insanity." The interested parties would fail to-day, if they should try, to work up a panic. The moment, in short, is propitious for reconsidering the question of armaments, and "unless Liberalism seizes the opportunity, those who have its conscience in their charge will be written down as having grossly betrayed their trust." There could hardly be plainer speaking than this. On the same day as the interview was published, there appeared in the press a letter from Sir John Brunner, the President of the National Liberal Federation, suggesting that before the end of January all Liberal Associations should pass resolutions in favor of a reduction of our armament expenditure.

THE rest of the interview with Mr. Lloyd George dealt with other aspects of the Liberal programme. Of the success of his land campaign, Mr. George spoke with confident optimism. It has trebled the attendance at meetings and has come to dominate politics. He went on to speak of the need for "a new Second Chamber altogether, which will be an accurate reflection of public opinion"—a hint which seems to point to proportional representation as its basis. Devolution, education, the reform of local taxation, housing, and temperance reform complete his programme. He reaffirmed his faith in woman suffrage, and used one particularly significant phrase when he said that "the present position must soon become intolerable for the Liberal Party." He went on to express his belief that, but for militancy, the Liberal Party would now be committed as a party to this great reform.

FRESH developments are said to be impending within the inner wing of the Tariff Reform movement, but as the Unionist newspapers are now suppressing all controversial matter relating to the "first constructive policy" of their party, it is a little difficult to know precisely what is going on. One report is to the effect that the "Confederates" are renewing their secret activities, and that about fifty members of the Opposition, suspected of extreme Free Trade leanings, are to be given warning of a possible Protectionist resistance to their candidature in the local caucuses. Meanwhile Mr. Austen Chamberlain has sharply challenged the "Spectator's" theory that Tariff Reform was to be dropped for the next election, by writing a letter in which he points out that at Manchester both he and Lord Derby reaffirmed their adherence to the Edinburgh compromise, and their resolve to make it "a real basis of union, and the real fighting policy of our party."

THE correspondence relating to the Duke of Sutherland's famous offer has been published this week, and it is amusing reading. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has no difficulty in showing that the Duke's proposal resembled a good many of the transactions that take place when large landowners sell to the public on the terms suggested. The Duke offers 400,000 acres of his worst land for £479,000, whereas the executors of his father valued the whole of the estates (nearly a million acres) provisionally at £400,000. The friends of the Duke contend, however, that the point is not whether it is a reasonable or unreasonable offer, but whether the fact that such a price is exorbitant is not an answer to Mr. Lloyd George's picturesque description of the spoliation of the past. Of course, it is not; for, as Mr. Lloyd George points out, when land goes out of cultivation it naturally loses value. Those who think with the "Times" that this property is really worthless, and that it is very obliging of anybody to own it at all, had better study the writings of authorities on forestry, from which they will learn a good deal about the deer forests of Scotland and the uses to which they might be put. But when the nation buys them the price must bear a relation to their value to-day and not to the value that they may acquire under proper management and development.

THE Chesterfield by-election, at which the Labor Party disowned Mr. Barnet Kenyon, the candidate adopted by the Chesterfield miners, on the ground that he had compromised his independence, has left behind it a dispute between the Derbyshire Miners' Association and the Miners' Federation. The Derbyshire miners resented the conduct of the Labor Party, and they consider that they have a grievance, for, though they had contributed like other branches to the political levy, the payment of Mr. Kenyon's election expenses falls upon them, in consequence of the disavowal of his candidature, and not upon the Miners' Federation. A special meeting of the Derbyshire Miners' Council was held on Monday to consider the question. All the eighty-six lodges represented were present at this meeting, and with one dissentient a resolution was adopted setting out the case of the Derbyshire miners against the Federation. The Council declare their desire to keep their connection with the Miners' Federation and the Labor Party, but they add that unless Mr. Kenyon's expenses are paid, they will have to ballot their members on the question of severing their political connection.

THE unsatisfactory and small-minded spirit in which the Leeds Corporation has treated the strikers has prolonged the strike, and provoked an unnecessary bitterness. The latest reports seem to show that the strike is broken, and that all the public services are more or less in working order. The same end might have been gained without the adoption of this uncompromising policy, and the improper exclusion of one party in the Corporation from the Committee appointed to deal with the question. Most people will probably agree that the strikers have been badly led, and that they showed too little consideration to the public; but unconditional surrender is never a wise policy, and, in the circumstances, it was not a just one. We print an interesting communication on the issues raised by this case. Meanwhile, another strike of public servants has broken out in Blackburn. For some time the Blackburn Corporation has had applications for advances of wages under consideration, and with a view to deciding on the reasonableness of the demand from the gas workers, a comparison has been made with the pay and work at Oldham. This report is regarded by the Corporation as justifying their policy, but Mr. Clynes, on behalf of the men, contends that the conditions of work are dissimilar, and that the comparison in this respect is much to the disadvantage of Blackburn.

IN the New Year's list of honors, which comprises five peerages, five Privy Councillorships, six baronetcies, and twenty-two knighthoods, the most distinguished name is that of Mr. Bryce, who goes to the House of Lords with the rank of a Viscount. One of the five new peers is a member of the House of Commons—Sir Alfred Cripps, the eminent ecclesiastical lawyer, who, with Lord Hugh Cecil, recently caused some surprise by bringing forward a legislative scheme for the abolition of all religious tests for teachers in State schools. The other peers are Sir Rufus Isaacs, who, as Lord Chief Justice, gets his title almost as a matter of precedence, Lord Strathclyde (Mr. Alexander Ure) and Sir Harold Harmsworth, who owns one or two Liberal newspapers and has taken a benevolent interest in the development of the Territorial Force. An overdue and widely approved distinction is Mr. W. H. Dickinson's Privy Councillorship. Two new knights are added to the House of Commons, in the persons of Mr. E. H. Lamb and Mr. R. Winfrey, the latter a tireless

worker in the cause of small holdings. Journalism is recognized in Mr. Owen Seaman's knighthood, and science in the title of the same rank conferred on Professor Rutherford.

SOME interesting revelations about the state of Ulster's Volunteer Army were contained in Tuesday's "Daily Chronicle" in an interview with Mr. Alexander G. S. Webster, an ex-sergeant of the Royal Artillery, who recently crossed the Irish Sea to take up the duties of a drill-instructor to the Ulster Volunteer Force. In Belfast, Mr. Webster was surprised to find that "there was no excitement anywhere," and when he was sent down to Bangor—a seaside town near Belfast—to drill the local forces, he "saw about sixty men on parade there with their guns—wooden guns, of no use to anybody." They could form fours, but "of extended order or company formation they knew nothing whatever." Mr. Webster has now shaken the dust of Orange Ulster off his feet. His summary of the situation is that the Ulster Volunteer Force "need not be considered as a fighting force, for they are neither drilled nor armed; at least, no better than the average schoolboy." Though this is not true of every part of Ulster, it is certainly true of many places besides Bangor—of most of the province, we should say, except a few exhibition localities.

FOLLOWING upon the proceedings at a missionary conference at Kikuyu in British East Africa, a flood of controversy has burst forth over the Anglican Church. The conference included Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, and other Protestants as well as Episcopalians, and it drew up a proposal for a scheme of federation which would avert dissensions among the native Christians, and strengthen them against native heathenism and propagandist Mohammedanism. At the conclusion of the Conference the Holy Communion was celebrated by the Bishop of Mombasa in the Presbyterian Church at Kikuyu, and was attended by all the delegates. This display of Christian unity has proved too much for the Bishop of Zanzibar, who promptly demanded the trial for heresy of the Bishop of Mombasa as well as of the Bishop of Uganda who also countenanced the proceedings. The resulting controversy has disclosed differences of so grave a character that Bishop Gore has written to the "Times" expressing his doubts whether the cohesion of the Church of England was ever more seriously threatened than it is now.

A BOARD of Trade Report, issued during the week, gives a satisfactory account of the working of the Labor Exchanges throughout the country. Excluding casual occupations, the Exchanges now fill over 15,000 vacancies each week, mostly vacancies for skilled labor. Between February, 1910, and December, 1912, £8,000 was advanced for the travelling expenses of workmen for whom positions had been found, and £7,500 of this had been recovered before the beginning of last year. The Exchanges have also issued two and a-half million unemployment books under the Insurance Act, and, up to last May, they made payments to 420,802 persons who were out of work. The average number of persons on the Exchange Registers in 1912 was 196,959, that of vacancies notified 84,965, and the average number of vacancies filled 65,437.

THE morass into which militarism has driven French finance is much too deep for hasty decisions, but M. Caillaux is taking soundings. He cannot avoid a loan, but will be in no hurry to launch it. His chief

hope of avoiding the recurrent deficits which have become normal in French Budgets lies in a levy on capital on the German model and in the income-tax. His aim is to adopt the British system of direct taxation, with the exemption of small incomes. In an interesting comparison in his speech this week to the Senate, he showed that a French salary of £160 pays 2 per cent. at present in taxation, as against nothing here, while an income from mixed sources of £12,000 pays less than 4 per cent. in France, as against 10 per cent. in England. The academic discussion in the Senate went far enough to show that, in spite of the gravity of the crisis, wealth is preparing to defend itself. The magnitude of the crisis is, however, beginning to be realized. M. Ribot spoke of it as the worst which France has faced since 1871. The deficit on the Budget of 1914 will be, on M. Caillaux's estimate, £24,000,000. But if six millions are allowed for the redemption of the contemplated short-term loan, the real deficit is nearer thirty millions.

It is now known that the Turkish Government has obtained an advance of a million pounds from a French bank, and will buy the Brazilian super-Dreadnought "Rio de Janeiro," now nearing the completion of her building in this country. The news is grave for two reasons. In the first place, it probably means that the Young Turks are seriously thinking of fighting Greece for the possession of some of the Ægean Islands. One great ship, well-manned by a foreign mercenary crew, would turn the balance of naval power in the Levant. In the second place, it means that the resources of Turkey are to be squandered upon armaments, at a time when her future can be saved only by peace and re-organization. The great Hindieh dam of the Euphrates irrigation scheme, undertaken with the direction of Sir William Willocks, has just been completed. But there seems little prospect that the rest of the scheme will be carried out, and a dam without canals and communications will yield only a fraction of the possible return. Yet the whole scheme which would have restored Mesopotamia to fertility and made it a second Egypt, would have cost only two and a half millions—the price of a single Dreadnought. An Empire which neglects its own resources tempts the aggressive capitalist.

THE discussion in the American press of the renewed refusal of the British Government to share in the Exhibition at San Francisco has shown how delicate is still every question that touches the Panama Canal. Mr. Hearst's newspapers are busily propagating the legend that nothing less than a commercial "alliance" has been formed between the British and German Governments to fight American trade and American interests in Central and South America. For this myth no plausible corroboration has yet been invented, but it seems to be believed by some normally sober people. All this, mischievous in itself, is calculated to prejudice the chances of Mr. Adamson's amending Bill, which aims at meeting British objections in the Panama tolls question. Mr. Adamson proposes to suspend the exemption of American coast-wise traders from tolls for two years, that it may be seen whether the tolls on other traffic can pay for the working of the Canal, and that diplomatic objections may be removed. These conditions are academic, but the wording facilitates a smooth reversal of the previous decision of Congress. An ungracious act, which our boycott of the Exhibition certainly is, is not at all calculated to further this measure.

A BANQUET in St. Petersburg gave our Ambassador an opportunity of reviewing the increasing intimacy in Anglo-Russian relations which has marked the past year. It is hard to follow his congratulations on the effect of this intimacy during the Balkan wars. Sir Edward Grey did good work only when he broke away from Russian policy by helping to create a free Albania. His confidence in Russia, which was allowed to follow an interested policy in her dealings between Bulgaria and Servia, was an indirect cause of the second war. Nor can any independent mind justify our present share in backing Russia's protests against the German re-organization of the Turkish army. For the rest, the steady flow of British capital to Russia is helping to buttress the autocratic régime, which grows more and not less intolerable. Even the Octobrists are now going into fundamental opposition, so frankly reactionary is the Government.

AN unusual, if not a unique, tribute was paid last week to Lord Burnham, the chief proprietor of the "Daily Telegraph," in the presentation to him, on his eightieth birthday, of an address of congratulation signed by fellow-workers in journalism in all parts of the world. Most of the great newspapers published within the British Empire were represented in the 253 signatures appended to the address, and in addition there were many foreign signatures as well as those of the official heads of various journalistic organizations at home and abroad. At the interesting ceremony which accompanied the presentation, Lord Burnham (surrounded by three generations of his descendants) gave renewed proof of the freshness and vitality of his distinctive gifts. Lord Northcliffe made the presentation, on behalf of the other signatories, thus testifying to the mutual esteem—perhaps a somewhat late growth—which now unites the two great rival schools of journalism, both personally and to an increasing degree in their professional relations.

GREAT interest has been caused by the news that Sir Ernest Shackleton is preparing for a new expedition to the Antarctic. His aim is to cross the Antarctic Continent from the Weddell Sea to the Ross Sea, a distance of 1,700 miles. All the modern discoveries and improvements of science are to be pressed into the service. Thus a number of experiments are being made by German chemists in the production of food, and Sir Ernest Shackleton is confident that in respect of food, of liquid, and of oil, his expedition will have a great advantage over its predecessors. In regard to transport the lessons of previous experiments are to be taken to heart. Dogs will be used, as they were used by Amundsen, rather than ponies or motor-sledges; but Sir Ernest Shackleton also proposes to take large ordinary sledges, with an aeroplane engine and an aeroplane propeller. He hopes to achieve the journey in a few months, but he will have the base in the Weddell Sea to fall back upon if the obstacles are too much for him in the first season.

If it is impossible to abolish the Dramatic Censorship, the selection of Mr. G. S. Street to succeed Mr. Brookfield in that office is as good as any that might have been expected. Mr. Street has edited Congreve, has had a comedy of his own produced by the Stage Society, and is the author of a couple of volumes of agreeable essays. His training as a man of letters is some guarantee that he will know how to discriminate between work of an independent and intellectual character and furtively lascivious drama. We imagine that he is not likely to carry on the policy that has brought so much ridicule on the Censorship in the last few years.

Politics and Affairs.

PARTIES AND THEIR PROSPECTS.

THE New Year messages of the Unionist leaders exhibit a singular unanimity and a remarkable concentration. Whether they are agrarian reformers or champions of the old order, whether they are Whole-boggers or Tariff Reformers at one remove, or not Tariff Reformers at all, the leaders agree that all politics are overshadowed, all other issues rendered insignificant, by the question of Ulster. If we may be pardoned for venturing to question a conclusion held by so many leading politicians, we think that this view sees the situation in a wrong perspective. We have never disguised our opinion that England and Ireland would be the gainers by an amicable settlement of this problem, and that there was an obligation on all political leaders to adopt any means, consistent with their principles, for giving Ireland not merely a settlement, but peace. That is still our view. We remain as strongly as ever of the opinion that it would be a sovereign advantage to the new Ireland to start with this old discord silenced, and with the promise of a society divided on other lines than the rasping antagonism of history. But this is very far from conceding to this small section of a nation the right to hold up all politics, and to make the satisfaction of all its demands the condition of progress and action on other questions. Ireland is going to have self-government. Of that there is no question. If the Unionist leaders are willing, they can contribute something to the form of that self-government, and can help to mould the institutions that are designed at once to protect a minority and to free a nation. But the politics of the future do not turn on this particular issue. They are concerned rather with the great problems of social action, the demands made upon statesmanship by the diseases and weaknesses and abuses of social life, questions that in Ireland itself are at this moment more absorbing than the particular Irish question with which the Unionist leaders are engrossed in their messages.

The Liberal Party, then, starts on the New Year in good heart, because, as the Prime Minister says in his message to the "Liberal Magazine," having accomplished great reforms, it has others before it. Politics are redeemed from those vices of intrigue, jealousy, unreal combat, and mean ambition, that are inseparable from public life and seem to some pessimistic and mistaken observers to envelop and overwhelm the inspirations of great causes. When a set of men devote themselves to some great public object, demanding for its attainment a great deal of patient toil and persevering courage, an atmosphere is generated unfavorable to the baser elements of politics. Mr. Lloyd George has put before the nation a policy that concerns the fundamental realities of social life. For some months all those persons who are chiefly interested in social problems, whether they are Liberal, or Labor, or Unionist, or unattached to any party, will be giving their minds to this leading topic. The Government's policy has been outlined in several speeches, and it has received a warm welcome. A great many details have still to be filled in. The rural programme is much more complete than the urban, and

it has already stirred a feeling of hope throughout the country, though, of course, there are many questions in regard to that programme which have still to be answered. The urban programme will, no doubt, be more fully developed in the course of the next few months; and it will appear, we suspect, that it is as closely related to the life of the worker in the town as the rural programme is to the life of the worker in the country. The reform of the leasehold system is a most desirable object, but it is, of course, only a very small part of the effects that Mr. Lloyd George aims at. He sees as clearly as anybody else that his policy will only be justified if it delivers the town worker from conditions of life which are often just as scandalous as those of the worker in the village—low wages, bad housing, a bare and comfortless share in the happiness of the nation; and it is the worker whose needs must be considered first of all. It is fortunate that these fundamental questions have now been raised, and in the discussion that is now beginning the Government will learn from the nation as the nation will learn from the Government. The New Year thus finds the Liberal Party facing with resolution and an eager and courageous spirit as great and noble a task as that which any set of reformers have ever put before it. Such a prospect is an inspiration to its best energies and hopes.

The difficulties before the Unionist Party are patent to everybody, for the real weakness of that party consists precisely in the lack of any one great constructive policy on which it can unite. That is a capital deficiency, and one for which the most skilful manoeuvring, and even the most creditable suppression of personal ambition cannot easily make amends. The Liberals are fortunately free from this difficulty; they have an object to pursue, and they are pursuing it with undivided forces. They have, of course, their own embarrassments and dangers. One, we hope, is decreasing, for the emphatic demonstrations at Leeds and elsewhere have given the leaders a significant warning on the subject of naval expenditure. The Liberal Party is well aware that it has to choose between social reform and the vast expenditure on the Navy with which it is threatened. A Government that is in earnest in its social policy has to find a foreign policy that will not confiscate the revenues that are needed at home. The state of the nation, no less than the demands of civilization and progress in the affairs of the world, forbids the dreams that Mr. Churchill finds so stimulating and agreeable.

The other difficulty before the party is in some sense more serious. The case for woman suffrage is as strong as the case for any enfranchisement of the past, and the Liberal Government has made it all the stronger. It was a favorite doctrine for many generations that Governments had no power over wages. During the last five years a Liberal Government has legislated to fix wages in a number of industries, and to tax wages for insurance. Each of these measures destroys any argument that may be based on the belief that the economic circumstances of a man or woman cannot be affected by the possession of a vote. The Blue-book issued last month shows that women and girls engaged in money-earning occupations, who are therefore directly inter-

ested (and not merely interested as housewives) in all the questions raised by the Government's policy of contributory insurance and a minimum wage, number nearly five millions. Those who argue that a vote is no weapon to a class, fly in the face of history. For each class has begun to have its point of view considered in Parliament after receiving the vote, and not before. Those who argue that the vote is a weapon, but that the ruling classes can protect the interests of the voteless better than the voteless classes could protect themselves, are flying in the face of all democratic principles. They are approaching the problem of their own day in the spirit of Lord Eldon or the Duke of Wellington. The refusal of the party to apply its own principles to this urgent question, while every measure it passes increases the anomaly of refusing the vote to women, is at present the chief cloud on its horizon.

"A REAL FIGHTING POLICY."

LOOKING ahead to the chances of a renewal of popular confidence in the Government at the next election, one can foresee that on the morrow of that event the Tariff Reform Party will still be able to protest that their cause has not yet been put to the proof of an electoral decision. After each of the last three elections, this was their reiterated cry, and apparently the plea has proved too useful to be cancelled by a change to more candid tactics. Thus, in the event of an election in the present year, excuses of this sort are to be made feasible by a process of self-suppression on the part of the Tariff Reformers, whose good nature will doubtless keep them faithful to their masks and muzzles till the end of next year if necessary. For a present or premature emergency there is the Ulster stalking-horse, and as for the future—well, that may be trusted to bring forth its own diversion. To be sure, we are promised that the moment Home Rule is out of the way, even the Unionist Free Traders will assent to the pressing of Tariff Reform as an essential issue, food taxes and all. Does this mean that Tariff Reform will then come out into the open? We have our doubts. Since Mr. Chamberlain first launched his fiscal policy in the thick of Mr. Balfour's Education Bill troubles, there have been three general elections, in none of which, if we are to believe its supporters, has the tariff issue been permitted to play a decisive or even a particularly important part. In a fourth election, should it come at once, the issue, it seems, is to be again eliminated—not indeed from the minds of good Protectionists, but only from their speeches; not from their intentions, but only from their pledges. Unlike some political wares, Tariff Reform in its latest phase is meant for use rather than for show, which, in truth, is part of the falsity of the position.

Meanwhile, the game, as played by its different votaries, suggests a parallel with the endless and aimless involutions of a Chinese puzzle. To go no further back than the end of 1911—though in the annals of Tariff Reform two years, in the Disraelian phrase, are indeed an eternity—we find that in the interval the movement has been constant only to its tradition of inconstancy. It was within this period that Lord Derby, who has lately been describing himself, "for want of a better

name," as a Unionist Free Trader, exhorted his friends to work day and night for Tariff Reform, not to apologize for it, but rather to amend their habit of making excuses for so good a thing. But Lord Derby has now set himself the up-hill task of recapturing Lancashire for Unionism, and with that aim in view he has been brought to the conclusion that Tariff Reform must go back to the lumber-room to which, under its "Fair Trade" *alias*, it was last consigned by Lancashire in the 'eighties. At the same time, like Mr. Balfour—his more supple but less fortunate exemplar—this new tactician owns to a natural desire to keep his party together. So far from repelling Mr. Austen Chamberlain from the Manchester zone, he enfolded him, on a recent occasion, in a sort of Free Trade embrace, and he has since listened patiently, or at least with no open denial, when Mr. Chamberlain claimed him as a loyal adherent of the Edinburgh policy. Observing those curious repetitions of some of the most recent episodes in modern political history, Mr. Balfour must be filled with a comfortable sense of the permanence of things. With all its twistings and turnings Tariff Reform has never really emerged from its native atmosphere of intrigue and illusion, and in the end its devotees are seen to be merely the plagiarists of their more famous predecessors. Yet there is one point of contrast. Ten years ago, Mr. Balfour prayed and schemed in vain with the contending factions of Unionism for a brief respite from dissension. To-day, adversity and indifference have produced a more docile temper, to which, in turn, we owe the astonishing phenomenon of a great political party vowed to a monastic silence on the sole article of its creed which embodies a constructive principle.

Nobody, we presume, is at all likely to be deluded by Mr. Austen Chamberlain's rather pathetic and wholly futile pretence that Unionism can find "a real fighting policy" in the elusive negations comprised in what is called the Edinburgh policy. Parties do not fight for compromises, least of all for compromises to which every party remains opposed. Indeed, Mr. Chamberlain betrays his personal disbelief in his own formula when he goes on to disclaim any idea of the abandonment of Tariff Reform at the next election, or "by the next Unionist Government." A twinge of conscience must have dictated those last words—they reveal and emphasize the essential motive of the pretended sacrifices of which we have lately heard so much. Plainly construed, what they mean is that while Tariff Reform may not be formally abandoned at the next election, yet, as far as possible, it will be ignored, in the hope and intention, however, that a successful issue to those furtive tactics will lead to a vigorous revival of Tariff Reform activities under "the next Unionist Government." Meanwhile, an easy way out of present difficulties is offered by what the "Pall Mall Gazette" described (before Mr. Garvin, too, became spell-bound) as a policy of evasion and suppression. Although it is an afterthought to say that this policy was conceived in the interests of Ulster, the theory enables the "Spectator" to promise its support to Unionist candidates, no matter what their fiscal policy may be, and to assure the advocates of food taxes that they will be as readily and as loyally supported as non-food taxpayers.

Moreover, the significant hint from the same quarter that, in certain contingencies, it might be permissible for the Tariff Reform party, notwithstanding the Edinburgh compromise, to revive the full Tariff Reform policy, might almost have been designed to rekindle the hopes of the Protectionist section of the farming population, just as the general tactic of drawing a veil of obscurity over the whole propaganda may have the equally convenient effect of disarming the fears of the Free Trade section. Clearly, however, it is on the populous industrial constituencies, more particularly in the North of England, that our fiscal strategists are concentrating their immediate designs. One of their spokesmen hopefully conjectures that all among the old Unionist Free Traders who have not joined the Liberals are resolved, till the fate of the Union is decided, to support the official programme of the Opposition, whatever it may be. If so, we can only say that it will be the first encouragement yet vouchsafed by Free Traders of any complexion to a coalition of interests which recalls Mr. F. E. Smith's discredited notion of coupling Protection and Protestantism together as "twin causes."

Possibly the Opposition may yet cast a backward glance to what came of their memorable running-away tactics in the fiscal debates and divisions of 1905. A game that failed so disastrously in the House of Commons can hardly be expected to enjoy a happier fate when tried in the constituencies. While silence may seem to promise exemption from one kind of entanglement, it brings with it embarrassments and mortifications of its own. "If we are to be debarred from advocating Tariff Reform," cries one anguished spirit, still faintly vocal, "while Sir John Simon is to be free on every occasion to attack it, I think infinite harm will befall the Unionist Party. Everything is to be gained and nothing lost by a policy of courage, sticking to your guns, and telling the truth to the electors." Vain remonstrance! When Don Quixote tested his helmet and shore away a large part of it, he patched it with cardboard, and, like a wise man, did not again try its strength. Although not in the usual sense a Quixotic party, the Opposition, too, seem determined to keep their cardboard helmet out of the fray—at all events, till it can be donned once more, as Mr. Austen Chamberlain would say, under the security of "the next Unionist Government."

KIKUYU AND AFTER.

To account for the heat of the Kikuyu controversy by the contrast between the fiery African sun and the temperate climate of the English Church is a theory which would have commended itself to Mr. Buckle. The Colenso case might be adduced as a parallel; the differences between Exeter Hall and King's College smouldered; those between Capetown and Natal burst into open fire. So with the question of home re-union, or common action between the Anglican and the non-episcopal Churches, raised by the recent Kikuyu Conference. When the famous Hereford communion was held, a few years back, Convocation mildly deprecated the incident; and, as on another well-known occasion, "nobody seemed a penny the worse." But,

when two out of the three East African bishops, face to face with the forces of paganism in the Dark Continent, take their stand with their fellow Christians in order to present a united front to the common enemy, the third protests, and threatens secession. "If to Protestantize the world and to modernize the faith are the works officially undertaken by the Ecclesia Anglicana, I, for my part, have no longer place nor lot within her borders." And he demands peremptorily that the matter shall be "heard and judged in our Provincial Court before the Metropolitan and his comprovincial bishops, according to Catholic precedent. Let the Ecclesia Anglicana declare herself, that we may know our fate."

The law knows no such Provincial Court possessing such powers. Convocation is the only legal synod of the Church of England. And though Convocation can pass resolutions, these are so much waste paper without the assent of Parliament. Under the Reformation settlement of religion in this country the ultimate appeal is to the King in Council; the Sovereign is "in all causes and over all persons, whether ecclesiastical or civil, within these his dominions supreme." As for the Metropolitan, the very cautious Scotsman who at present holds that office is the last man in the world either to burn his own fingers in the matter, or to compromise the great national institution over which he presides. He will bring pressure to bear upon the disputants; he will counsel accommodation and the avoidance of extremes. But his judgment, in the unlikely event of one being extorted from him, will be non-committal; he will not say definitely either Yes or No. Such is the temper of the Church of England. To the enthusiast it may seem chilling. But the enthusiast may go further and fare worse.

It is an open secret that the controversy is of larger proportions than appear on the surface. There is a stir in the outpost Churches, and what has taken place in East Africa to-day may come about in Japan or China to-morrow; the wind blows fresh and free over the high places of the field. Missionary Societies, such as the S.P.G., find a cleavage in their ranks. Men who go out stiff Tractarians widen under the influence of mission-work and after experience of mission problems; creeds and sects become secondary to them; barriers, once (it seemed) impassable, break down. Hence searchings of heart among their home supporters. Paul and Peter are at variance; and, as of old, Paul prevails. There are signs that we are on the eve of a forward movement in the Churches. Kikuyu may open a new era, and stand for great things.

Is there anything in the history or standards of the English Church to forbid or hamper a movement in this direction? It cannot be said too clearly that there is nothing; it is faction, not the Church, that bars the way. For more than a generation, indeed, the necessity of the Episcopate to the existence of the Church and the validity of the Sacraments has been proclaimed so often and so loudly that those who should know better have come to acquiesce, not indeed in the truth of the assertion—an elementary knowledge of Church history is sufficient to dispel any illusion on this point—but in its claims to represent Anglican orthodoxy. In his "Robert Lee Lecture" for 1911, the Dean of Durham has conclusively

shown its novelty in Anglican theology, and its inconsistency with the precedents and the law of the English Church. The historical Episcopate was retained in England for political, not for theological motives. It was congenial to monarchy; "no Bishop, no King." Puritanism brought the question of Church government into prominence; but the great Anglican divines of the seventeenth century, while judging Episcopacy to be *de bene esse* of the Church, and in view of the disorders of the time accentuating this judgment, did not regard it as *de esse*. In the eighteenth century the life and the theology of the English Church sank to a low ebb. There was little or no intercourse with foreign Churches; and at home Nonconformists were held at arms' length, not indeed on religious, but on political and social grounds. The result was that when the Tractarians advanced their sectarian doctrine of episcopacy there was no contrary practice to be overcome. The Church had no theological reason for not communicating with the non-episcopal Churches, but as a fact it did not do so; and the new Oxford particularism made its way the more easily because it accounted for an existing use. To-day theory and use are alike outgrown. History shows when and how and why the monarchical episcopacy came into being; and the larger sense of religion makes Christians, as such, one.

It is probable that light will be thrown from the mission-field on many of the questions which divide the more conventional Churches of Europe, in which precedent hardens too easily into principle and custom into law. A freer atmosphere prevails in the missionary and Colonial Churches. The unsophisticated mind does not easily assimilate sophistry; and the conventions of English life sit loosely on the Greater Britain beyond the seas. The horizons are larger; the outlook is more practical; the notions of privilege and exclusion, familiar by long custom in the old world, are strange and even incomprehensible in the new. Where, as in Canada and Australia, a vigorous young democracy is developing itself, or, as in Africa and the East, Christianity confronts a militant non-Christian world, the froth and scum of ecclesiasticism which come to the top so readily in England are blown away. Anglicanism of the particularist type is an article for home consumption; like certain vintages, it will not bear transportation beyond sea.

There is a reverse side to the situation; and those who know the facts best estimate its possibilities most seriously. A repetition of the Caldey secessions, perhaps on a larger scale, is not a contingency to be contemplated lightly; no one will think or speak without respect for the scruples, even the unreasonable scruples, of good men. But for one who stumbles at the action of the Kikuyu bishops, there are hundreds who, with greater cause, would be scandalized by its disavowal by the home authorities. Such a disavowal would strike a grave blow at the progress of the missionary Churches; it would be a definite step backward, and a fertile incentive to religious strife. Nor is it possible to be blind to the disquieting features which the attitude of the Church party, as shown in the correspondence columns of the "Times," reveals. It frankly abandons the Anglican standpoint; its leading laymen make us "a present of

the Caroline divines." And so grave a writer as the Bishop of Oxford feels "quite sure that to the great mass of High Churchmen such an open Communion seems to involve principles so totally subversive of Catholic order and doctrine as to be strictly intolerable, in the sense that they could not continue in a fellowship which required them to tolerate the recurrence of such incidents." Here is the gist of the whole. The claim of these men is not for liberty, reasonable or unreasonable, for themselves, but for power to restrict the liberty of others. And the question is whether the conscience of a section of Churchmen is to be imposed upon the Church as a whole.

THE IMPASSE IN FRANCE.

FRENCH politics were interesting during the strenuous years when M. Waldeck Rousseau and M. Combes completed the traditional task of Radicalism by divorcing Church and State. They are no less interesting in this present period of impotence and stalemate. The really brilliant political manager is never so amusing as when he is busy and passionate in achieving nothing. The Parliament which is now in its last months has one considerable exploit to its credit. It has raised the term of military service from two years to three, and by reason of this performance and the conquest of Morocco, it has thrown French finances into a confusion and embarrassment which the sober M. Ribot hardly exaggerates when he declares that the Republic has not seen its like since the tragic year of 1871. The preparation for war has become well-nigh as costly and as burdensome as war itself. For the rest, the Chamber and its successive Ministries have nothing to record but failure. Four years have been passed in vain attempts to carry into law some plan of electoral reform, and the leisure which was left after these abortive efforts was spent, as much of the time of the previous Chamber had been, in an equally vain effort to impose an income-tax. It is a dismal record, and it is no matter for surprise that all the parties from Left to Right are preaching each in its several way, not so much detailed reforms, as some sweeping alteration in political habits and methods.

The variety of these reforms shows no lack of invention. Between the Extreme Left and the Right there is a measure of agreement, at least upon one expedient—the adoption of proportional representation, which the Socialists place second in their aims after their opposition to militarism. The Right shows its usual tendency to call for a strong Executive, and for a President who will assert himself, and this tendency reveals itself even in the speeches of the enigmatic M. Briand, whom we must learn to class as a Conservative. His gospel, delivered with some eloquence, and stamped with the thinking of a decidedly powerful and original mind, is, in form, a call for "appeasement," a summons to moderation, a revolt against the personal polemics and the strife of classes and creeds which in France, as elsewhere, and perhaps more than elsewhere, forms so much of the common stuff of daily politics. What this appeal really means in practice is, we suspect, a summons to the formation of a powerful Conservative Party in which moderate "Radicals"

and moderate Clericals shall somehow manage to co-operate. It is possible that M. Briand, though he has found a highly personal way of saying it, really thinks with M. Caillaux that the cure for the present impotence in French politics is the formation of strong and united parties. He rallies the Conservative Centre. M. Caillaux is busy in organizing the Radical Left, and in the programme of his new party the first item, and perhaps the only unambiguous item, is that a party in the English sense of the word it is resolved to be. It seems odd to an English observer that among all these specifics for reform and reorganization, no group talks of dealing with the Senate. And yet it is to all appearance the resistance of the Senate which in Parliament after Parliament has frustrated the work of the Chamber, and nullified the verdict of the country in favor of the income-tax and electoral reform.

It is probable that an evolution of French politics towards the formation of stronger and more homogeneous parties would bring a partial remedy for some of the mischiefs which are only too apparent. If it meant that a Ministry might hope to hold power throughout the duration of a Parliament, instead of for the two years or eighteen months which are at present its maximum life, there would probably be an end both to the present impotence in legislation and to the irresponsibility in finance. The responsibility at present can with difficulty be brought home. It is shared among half-a-dozen Premiers, of whom none was in power long enough to re-organize what had gone hopelessly and habitually wrong. Because none of them is singly to blame for the finance which has made an annual deficit of anything up to £24,000,000 normal, none of them will risk the odium of imposing the necessary taxation to meet it. M. Caillaux has already succeeded in making his party. It is dominant for the moment, and if it can survive till May to "make" the elections, it may return all-powerful. Of M. Briand's capacity as a leader, one is less sure than of his ability as a man. He has passed through three parties in a comparatively brief career, and contrived to throw them all into confusion. His great "programme" speech at St. Etienne reveals a thoughtful, constructive mind, but it also suggests an egoism which is a dangerous quality in a leader. There is no longer a doubt, however, that he is the great Conservative force of the future. M. Jaurès indeed labels him "reactionary," and says, aptly enough, that "a reactionary never confesses himself, while a revolutionary always boasts of revolution." The term is too harsh, in spite of M. Briand's recent conversion to militarism. Many of his ideas appeal powerfully to an English spectator of French politics. He stands for a fundamental protest against the old Jacobin habit, as ancient as the Revolution itself, of making every controversy a struggle over the existence of the Republic itself. But one notices that he talks in each speech less definitely of his social reforms, and seems to angle ever more dexterously for the support of those who are opposed to all social reform. The ex-Socialist has become the hero of the "Temps," and if he is not a reactionary, he has certainly ranked himself as a Conservative.

It seems, on the whole, very doubtful whether

France will find leisure for the various constructive efforts towards which one leader or another would conduct her. The formation of strong parties and the passage of some sort of proportional representation may be practical politics. But her real task is to set her finances in order. The big loan cannot be avoided, but no country can borrow every two years to fill up a recurrent deficit. When that deficit runs to twenty-seven or twenty-eight millions, it is obvious that the whole system of taxation must be overhauled. The levy on capital which M. Caillaux proposes to borrow from Germany will be even more unpopular than the income-tax, and its yield must be slow at best. With the wealthy classes in arms against taxation, and the working-classes against the three-years' service, we seem to be in sight of a possible revolt against the militarism which is the cause of all this embarrassment. If M. Caillaux, with his re-organized party, wins his electoral battle, it is inevitable that he should return to his policy of an economic understanding with Germany, and when that point is reached, an appeal for some general European arrangement about armaments need no longer be chimerical. M. Jaurès and M. Anatole France, when they were in London, appealed for the good offices of this country to compose Franco-German rivalries. That is the best service we could render to France, to Germany, and to ourselves.

THE BLASPHEMY LAWS.

MR. McKENNA has refused to release Mr. Stewart, who was convicted at the Staffordshire Assizes on November 11th for an offence against the Blasphemy Laws, and is now serving a sentence of four months' imprisonment. The case has excited considerable interest, because it was supposed until lately that the Blasphemy Laws were obsolete. In 1883 Messrs. Bradlaugh, Ramsay, and Foote were prosecuted, and the Blasphemy Laws were not heard of again until 1908. During the last five years there have been five prosecutions, and it is therefore high time that these laws were taken into serious consideration. At present we are clearly in danger of reverting to the state of things before the Reform Bill, when these prosecutions were common, for we learn from an important letter from Professor Geldart in the "Manchester Guardian" that this law was only put into force twice between 1832 and 1908.

It is important to clear away certain misconceptions at the start. Mr. Stewart has been convicted of blasphemy and of nothing else. Some people write as if he was expiating an outrage against public decency, which is not the case. He was not prosecuted for indecency. In point of fact, Professor Gilbert Murray, who has been allowed to see the police reports of the speech on which he was convicted, found that there was no ground whatever for a prosecution on the score of indecency. Now what is the law with regard to blasphemy? Lord Coleridge, when addressing the jury, pointed out that it is no offence to insult any other religion than the Established religion. Professor Geldart puts the law more fully in his letter to the "Manchester Guardian." "Not only are some Christian religions entirely unprotected, but the peculiar doctrines of non-

established Christian bodies, such as the Roman Catholic doctrine of the Mass or the beliefs of Unitarians, may be wantonly insulted so far as the law of blasphemy goes." Clearly, then, a party which proclaims itself as the party of religious equality cannot leave the law as it is, if the law is really to remain at all. If Mr. McKenna thinks that this law is a good one, and that there is no reason why a Liberal Home Secretary should release a man convicted under it, he must go further. He must adopt the enactment in the Indian Penal Code which protects not merely the doctrines of a particular religion, but the religious feelings of everybody. We are used to some strange readings of Liberal principles, but we cannot imagine a version of Liberalism that would deny to a Roman Catholic or a Unitarian or a Mohammedan as good a right to the protection of the law as an orthodox member of the Established Church.

But what use has a Liberal for a law of blasphemy at all? Mr. Asquith and Lord Haldane made up their minds on that point twenty-four years ago, when they voted for a Bill providing that no criminal proceedings should be instituted for blasphemy or atheism. The large number of thinkers and writers who have signed petitions for the repeal of the Blasphemy Law includes persons of various religious beliefs, who all of them understand that this law is not really any protection to religion, and that it is, on the other hand, a great menace to justice. The law, as laid down by Lord Chief Justice Coleridge in 1883, imposes on a jury the duty of deciding whether a speaker is honest and sincere, and whether he wishes to hurt other people's feelings. As Professor Geldart points out, the two are not incompatible. Most controversialists are sincere in their belief, and few of them wish the other side to enjoy the way in which their arguments are presented. It follows, then, in practice that while the present Blasphemy Law distinguishes between one kind of religious man and another, it involves also a distinction from which no Blasphemy Law can very well escape—the distinction between the cultivated and the uncultivated blasphemer. The law belongs to an age that wanted to control the thinking of the poor. Of course, as Professor Gilbert Murray has shown, the idea of asking twelve men to decide on the decencies of controversy is ridiculous. What are the decencies of controversy? Religious controversy, like academic controversy, is generally conducted with a good deal of heat. Did Toplady and Hill observe the decencies of controversy in their attacks on Wesley, and ought they to have been put into prison if they had happened to stumble against a doctrine protected by the Blasphemy Law? The recrudescence of these prosecutions, and the Home Secretary's refusal to release Mr. Stewart, have made the abolition of the Blasphemy Law an urgent question. Professor Geldart has summed up the two fatal characteristics of that law when he describes it as "inconsistent with freedom of discussion and with religious and social equality." The number of persons who suffer under this injustice is small; but that is no reason for preserving it, and the demand for the abolition of this survival of the ancient *régime* is backed by every tradition and truth of Liberalism.

Life and Letters.

BRITISH LAWLESSNESS.

It used to be our pride that we were a law-abiding people. In particular, we were wont to compare ourselves with America, which we held to be a land where every man chose for himself what laws he would obey, where lynching and other modes of homicide were unrebuked, and where the police "stood in" with law-breakers. The tables are now turned on us. In an interesting article in the "Atlantic Monthly," Mr. Fielding Hall quotes the following extract from a letter recently received from an American friend, and the opinion it expresses is held by many recent visitors from America. "It is a curious phenomenon, and a phenomenon I believe to be based on fact, that Americans are a more law-abiding people than the English. This never seemed to me possible till Mafeking night. Since that memorable ebullition, there have been numerous indications of an excitability of English character which seems to me to transcend the unsteadiness of my own people."

This "increasing impatience of English people under law," as Mr. Fielding Hall terms it, is indeed a special manifestation of the new century. It appears in all classes of society, and is evolved by widely different occasions. Now it is the violent unconstitutionality of the House of Lords in rejecting a Budget, now a league to defy the Insurance Act or to refuse taxes, now an open undefended violation of speed-limits by motor drivers, now a riotous holding up of traffic by strikers, an organized attack on property by arsonettes, a policy of brutal assaults on workers in the Belfast ship-yards carried out with impunity, and finally, open preparations in Ireland for "civil war," assisted by officers of the King's army, with the pledged support of the leaders of His Majesty's Opposition in this country. A generation ago such a state of things would have seemed incredible. What is the explanation? Is there, indeed, a periodicity of the revolutionary spirit in the life of nations, as some plausibly maintain, which exhibits itself in history at intervals of about half-a-century? Or may we regard all this excitability of feeling and looseness of behavior as the sequelæ of a violent debauch of Jingoism?

Mr. Fielding Hall himself adopts what one may venture to designate the "bellicose" explanation. It is the kick of the natural man against the growing tyranny of law. The nation, he thinks, is realizing that it is offensively law-ridden. Education Acts, liquor legislation, "Social Evil" legislation, Workmen's Compensation, and Insurance Acts, and a hundred others are invading the private liberties of every class.

Add to this the growing despotism of the professions and of the trade-unions exercised over their members and the public, and assisted or condoned by governments. "Thus, the average Englishman now, rich or poor, is bound hand and foot in a maze of laws and prohibitions. He is preyed upon by Government officials innumerable, and by powerful secret organizations. His house used to be his castle once, his private house was his own, but he is now the inmate of a vast reformatory, and his house is but a cell in it." All this, of course, is wildly exaggerated. The real liberty of the citizen is seldom seriously diminished by such laws and regulations; on the whole, it is enhanced. Most of the legislation which to Mr. Fielding Hall appears tyrannical is cheerfully accepted by the great majority of citizens. What is exhibited in the lawlessness that occurs is an increasing disposition of dissatisfied minorities to challenge and to violate laws. Formerly minorities "knew their place" and acquiesced; now like Whitman's good democrats, "they rise up freely against the never-ending audacity of elected persons." "But," objects the constitutionalist, "in a self-governing country like yours, the will of the people ought to prevail; you made these laws, and you must obey them." No doubt it is hard on the minority, but minorities must suffer! And, in truth, minorities have usually suffered quietly in the past.

Why do they refuse to suffer now? According to Mr. Fielding Hall, because they are conscious that they are not minorities submitting to majorities at all, but because they have discovered that Government is a "secret tyranny, no matter what party is in, and that it masquerades as popular government." So we are led to the conclusion that the prevailing lawlessness is due to the fact that the people do not really make their laws—in a word, to the view that our boasted democracy is nothing else than an "organized hypocrisy."

Now we know exactly the sort of case that can be made for this position by dint of selected instances and generalization from scandalous exceptions. To persons influenced by some particular resentment and ignorant of history, it sounds very plausible. There is, of course, a sense in which "the people" never makes, perhaps never can make, its own laws. But in this country, at any rate, it has much more to do with the making of its laws to-day than ever in the past. Whatever deflecting influence one attributes to the Cabinet or the party system, it is absurd to contend that the wider franchise and popular education have really diminished some power of popular self-government possessed in earlier times, and that this new lawlessness is a protest against the curtailment of free legislation. We do not believe that the trouble is due either to the intrinsic badness of the laws or to the fact that we are governed, as Mr. Fielding Hall pretends, by a Star Chamber. It seems to us mainly attributable to a co-operation of two or three causes. In the first place, recent legislation in this country has concerned itself with bigger issues vitally affecting the interests of property and of social status, thus exciting powerful class interests and antagonisms. These conflicts were bound to come, but the Boer War precipitated their action, directly inciting the struggle for Protection, the Lloyd George Budget, the House of Lords crisis, the Parliament Act, and the conjunction of great constitutional and social measures within the compass of a half-decade. Coincident, but not wholly unconnected with this crowding of big concrete controversies in male politics, was the rapid inflammation of the still more impassioned issue of woman suffrage with its continuous series of exciting incidents.

This sudden lifting of politics into a higher level of interest and importance, with bigger stakes at issue, makes minorities more desperate in their resistance, and more disposed, if they can, to defy the laws. The fact that for the first time the overwhelming majority of the rich and influential citizens are in the opposition, fighting a series of losing political battles against governments which are, on their interpretation, engaged in passing predatory and revolutionary measures by unconstitutional methods, has been a liberal education in lawlessness. For when peers and privy councillors foster rebellion, when motorists and lady suffragists openly defy the laws that happen to annoy them, why should ordinary working people not follow the fashion of "their betters," choosing their own laws to break? The authority of law was formerly "sacred" to the vast majority of our people, offences against it were really disreputable. But now that we see our superiors "taking the law into their own hands," we shall do the same. As they dispute the right of King and Parliament to make laws, we, the workers, will call in question all the rights of property and the economics as well as the political authority of our "masters." So there is coming about a general loosening of respect for authority of every sort, Church, State, business, and social conventions. This is by no means entirely to be feared and regretted. For in part, it is associated with a genuine and growing liberty of thought, the fruits of popular education, and of a wider and more rational outlook upon life. It will force us to a reconsideration and a reconstruction of our political institutions, so as to give a freer, fuller, and more representative play to the judgments, feelings, and interests of all sorts and conditions of people. For though there is little substance in Mr. Fielding Hall's tales of an increase of governmental tyranny, the growing desire of the people for a firmer hand upon the lever of legislation is a thoroughly sane feeling. The present epoch of recurrent lawlessness is, from this point of view, the register of

the maladjustment between the new and more conscious democracy of feeling and the antiquated machinery of party and Government. Its remedy is to mould organs of representation, of legislation, and of administration, more quickly, more accurately, and more effectively responsive to this play of popular thought and feeling.

A REPERTORY THEATRE.

THERE was a time when it was necessary to argue the claims of a repertory theatre, but at length the thing exists. When an art has once adapted itself to the habits of a commercial age, it is inevitable that the public should sink into a mood of passivity. Our plays are provided for us, with no effort on our part, like all the countless commodities which we buy in shops. We glance at the advertisements and the notices in the newspapers as we look at the catalogues of sales. We go where we can see a play which promises to please us, but we think as little of the conditions of its production as we think of the problems that beset the management of the store which we patronize. We are no more the partisans of this theatre or that, than we are the exclusive patrons of Regent Street or Oxford Street. The actor-manager has become for us a tradesman, like any other, and we follow a bait that allures us to the Haymarket or the Strand, with as little thought as we drift through the swinging doors of a draper's shop. The first condition of success for a repertory theatre is that it should break through this habit of passivity and impartiality. It asks of us something more than the commercial reaction of supply and demand. It is a conscious effort to create a theatre which will reflect the intelligence and the artistic impulse of our generation. It is a movement with its own theory and its own ideal. It must find, if it is to succeed, a public which will think of it as in some sense its own theatre, in some sense a public possession and a co-operative venture. The commercial manager stakes a certain capital on a speculation. He believes that he has got what the public wants. The event will show whether he was right, and his play will run for fifty, or one hundred, or three hundred nights, according as the public which does in fact want it, is large or small. Our part is limited to a visit to any particular theatre once or twice in a year, if it caters for our tastes. The repertory theatre, on the other hand, will probably depend on a *clientèle* of habitual patrons, who will look to it to provide them with all the variety they desire. They will regard it as they regard a library or a picture gallery, as the source, and the only adequate source, of their dramatic pleasures. They will desire to maintain it and support it, as a public benefit and an instrument of a social and æsthetic movement. The experiment which Mr. Granville Barker is conducting in London is something more than a novelty in theatrical management, which may or may not succeed in competition with the system of single plays and long runs. It is an appeal to the alertness of intelligent play-goers, and its success will show how far we deserve the theatre which we certainly want.

The case for a repertory theatre may be urged on many grounds. Before one has seen it, one thinks chiefly of the chance of seeing plays which have little hope of performance outside it. After one has seen it, one is inclined rather to rank its effect upon the actors as the first of its merits. The miracle was, indeed, that the system of long runs produced good acting at all. It means that in every actor's career there occur at long intervals two or three weeks during which his intelligence is active. He studies his part and enjoys the delight of creation, only to find himself condemned evening after evening to repeat the same tones, gestures, and movements, with as little variation as possible, for a period which will vary from three months to twelve. At this rate an actor, moving from one successful play to another in the commercial theatres, must spend years in acquiring the experience and the practice which he would gain in as many months in a repertory theatre. Nor is this the

only disadvantage of the long-run system from the actor's standpoint. It tends inevitably to specialization. Fashion and the timidity of managers tend to standardize plays, and to stereotype rôles. A man who has once done well as an elderly lover may go on acting elderly love to the end of his days. The strong man, the detached philosopher, the irresponsible wit, the smooth intriguer, the noisy vulgarian, the cold Society dame, the woman with a temperament and a past—all these types and many more have become the commonplaces and conventional furniture of the commercial stage, and many an actor and actress settles down to repeat, with trifling variations, the same well-trying performance of the same familiar part in play after play, and in theatre after theatre. It is the negation of the whole spirit of acting, a denial of the versatility and adaptability which are the essence of the actor's art. The glory of a really gifted actor is to create any character, to voice any passion, to represent any idiosyncrasy, to triumph alike in humor and in tragedy, to assume with equal plausibility youth and old age, simplicity and subtlety, and to shine by turns in heroics and low life. It is only by that constant shifting of parts and that generous sharing of opportunities which are the tradition of a repertory theatre, that an actor can ever hope to acquire the experience and to develop the versatility which will make him a master of this art. The present system may make him a marvellously skilful specialist in the presentation of some one temperament or type of character. But he will not evolve that general skill in representation which ranks the actor who really possesses it among creative artists.

A repertory theatre will have no difficulty in attracting actors who really wish to practise their art. A company which comes together with high ambitions, and raises its own standard by the continual study of fresh plays, will very soon develop a technique of its own. The Irish players from the Abbey Theatre and Miss Horniman's Manchester Company have taught us in their visits to London what to expect. Brief as its career has been, Mr. Granville Barker's company already shows the same high level of competence, particularly in what are called "character" parts. Its first selection of plays is sufficiently various and catholic, though one hopes that, as it becomes an established institution, it will add some of the neglected classics to its repertoire. It shines exactly where one expects a repertory theatre to excel the commercial stage—in the perfect rendering of "character," even indeed of the waywardness and idiosyncrasy of character. "The Doctor's Dilemma," with its choice assortment of various types of medical men, gave it a notable opportunity. We have seen nothing of its kind on the stage to excel Mr. Beveridge's "Sir Patrick," and Mr. Whitby's "B. B." Mr. Shaw had indeed created these two physicians, as Omnipotence created the models who sat to Hogarth. But it was Mr. Beveridge and Mr. Whitby who gave them a voice, clothed them in flesh, and taught them by tone and gesture to evoke for us all the humor which was latent in them. An achievement like theirs passes in its day with singularly little notice or recognition; but one may doubt whether the subtlest portrait-painter who exhibits a character on canvas displays an art superior to theirs. "The Wild Duck" gave another opportunity for the exhibition of the same daring yet delicate skill. The smallest parts had been thought out with an equal resource of imagination. It was a delight merely to look at the drunken and "demonic" Molvik, and to watch the Old Ekdal of Mr. Nicholson filling his pipe and fetching water for his surreptitious brandy. The "Hjalmar Ekdal" of Mr. Leon Quartermaine was a triumphant rendering of that amiable, shallow temperament, with its flamboyant vanity, its naïve egoism, and its power of sophisticating itself with phrases. The plain homely "Gina" of Miss Clare Greet, with its clumsy timidity, its competence in small daily things, its pathetic inadequacy in tragic moments, was at least as notable an achievement. It is only a really conscientious artist who can succeed in such a perfectly intimate rendering of commonplace and limitation. The charm and

spontaneous grace of Miss Gladys Wiles's rendering of the part of the girl "Hedwig" made the perfect foil to the sober realism of the other rôles. Words are a poor medium in which to convey a notion of the kind of skill which the actors whom we have named displayed in these two plays. They did what is rarely done with such perfect virtuosity on the commercial stage, for the simple reason that the commercial play rarely affords the actor an opportunity worthy of his art.

We have dwelt on the effect of the repertory system on the actor, because this is the gain which one most often omits in anticipation. One thinks too promptly of the rather drab aspects of an "advanced" and "serious" theatre, with its problem plays, its Ibsen homeliness, and its Strindbergian cruelty. What it means much more certainly is a new development of the joyous art of acting, the full deploying of a skill which will recreate the old comedy, and bring a sparkle even to the psychological drama. Acting must gain, partly because such a theatre must attract the ambitious artist, partly because it promises an experience which can be won nowhere else, and, above all, because a good play evokes the intelligence of an actor as surely as a machine-made play depresses it. The other gains of the system are so evident that one confidently expects them. The system of the "star" actor and the long run means that no play can live in the commercial theatre which fails to please the mass-mind. It must "draw" from the first, and go on drawing for two or three hundred nights, if it is by modern standards to be reckoned a success. Experience shows that the educated public is not yet large enough to supply this measure of success. The play which the few desire intensely and enjoy extremely can be produced only on the repertory system. The experiment at the St. James's and the Savoy has proved that London need not wait until the more ambitious scheme of the Shakespeare National Theatre is completed after many years of preparation and delay. There is a place, and, to our thinking, it is a more important place, for such a theatre as Mr. Granville Barker's alert and adventurous management is in process of creating. We admit the need for a stately academic theatre, a Comédie Anglaise, which will maintain a tradition and keep the past alive. But the living drama and the contemporary playwright are just now of incomparably greater importance to the British stage than Shakespeare and the past. We are at last evolving a creative dramatic literature after several generations of sterility. It needs nothing now for its full development but a stage more hospitable, more daring, more various than it can find in any of the commercial theatres. Nature and experience have manifestly cast Mr. Barker for this particular part. We hope that he will obtain the very modest fund which he requires to make the Savoy experiment a permanent institution. We hope even more decidedly that playgoers who care for good plays and good acting will give him the kind of support which will soon render a guarantee fund superfluous.

HIGHLANDERS OF THE CHALK.

If some historian should make an illustrated catalogue of the causes that have shifted the centre of civilization, brought this part of the earth into the full light of progress, removed that into the dark, taken away a dominion in commerce, or conferred a monopoly in the humanities, he would establish a highly varied collection. The sea, or even the wind, may move a little sand, and a centre of navigation, like Hythe, becomes a sleepy inland town. An ignorant landowner may veto the railway, and a prosperous pack-horse town may melt away and re-accumulate in a place touched by the newer commerce. Hereafter, perhaps, the discovery of the most eligible air-route may destroy one or two railroad cities. Geography plays its part, but almost more often human whim is accountable for very great changes in the centres of population. The newer servants of material progress are far more easily established in remote Western and Southern America

than within a few miles of the greatest city of the world. There are probably ten thousand ruined water-mills in England for every one water-driven electric light plant, and Mexico can borrow money in London far more easily than Middlesex.

The world is like some highly organized larva in process of changing into a yet higher insect. Its old nerves and arteries and breathing-tubes are out of date and a totally new system is being introduced among its tissues. The central system is changed first, and for every link disestablished a new one of corresponding function is given, but the lesser nerves are merely broken. Thus we get some of the most somnolent areas quite near the heart, and some of the most feverishly alive at the outer limits of the organism. Driving westward out of London, the train brings us in less than an hour to Reading. Then we may go in one of two directions, almost equally quickly, to South Wales and take ship for America. When we have arrived at Swindon or Hungerford the lines are less than twenty miles apart, but the triangle within them is a brave and ancient country that preserves its simplicity wonderfully well in spite of that near touch of the hustling age. The Icknield Way joins it to the Thames at Goring, threading along the ridge that overlooks the Vale of the White Horse, of which it takes the same lofty and detached view as in the days when the pack-horse way was the thoroughfare to the West and the iron road was undreamed of. By a curious reversal, these dry hills which once furnished the best road in England are now preserved from impertinent intrusion by the imperfection of the same. The motorist or cyclist who has once tried those strokes of chalk-dust, plentifully needled with flints, and full of little pebbles that fly in showers before the rubbered wheels, goes there no more. By that unheroic defence, and not by the steepness, considerable as it is, of the double ring of chalk bastions surrounding the central keep, is this bit of medieval England preserved for the enjoyment of the pedestrian. There is no knowing the adventures that can be had in its unspoilt villages or the treasures of speech and old story that can be picked up in its smithies or lambing huts.

Somewhat of the charm of these thymy uplands (now covered with snow), where the lark sings in summer as surely nowhere else, is brought home to us by Mr. Alfred Williams's new book, "Villages of the White Horse" (Duckworth). He has his background firmly painted, the moving cloud-fleets in the immense dome of a downland sky, the tree-dotted plain of many counties and a thousand villages seen from the ridge, "the wood suspended beneath the hill, teeming with primroses, violets, anemones, hyacinths, and bell-flowers," the whale-backed Downs with rare clusters of trees, and the hamletted coombs not seen till one is about to drop into them. But his main task, and a more difficult one, is to portray the life and the thought of the Wiltshire and Berkshire highlanders, who live a life that is not the reader's, on this deserted highroad of smugglers and cattle-lifters. The slow jokes of the Wiltshire serf (we wish we could write "peasant" as Mr. Williams does) will not stand the cold light of print. One has to wait a whole day for as much as, here set down in a page, makes him out a garrulous fool. He is by no means that, even when he is an old man with a naughty past preserving history by the stories he tells of his youth.

The smuggling days are almost entirely forgotten, but there are vivid memories of another class of man-made crime, the ever-present revolt against the game laws. It is but a few years since poachers and keepers thought little of a battle in the coverts, after which the dead might be quietly buried and forgotten. Less painful are the memories of backswording, wrestling, and the more questionable pastime of cock-fighting. The manlier country sports made almost their last appearance in the South at the revels attending the scouring of the White Horse in 1857. It is the red-letter in their calendar that no subsequent event has been able to displace. The man who can remember having received a broken head in that Homeric sports-meeting, receives honor in the inglenook and cannot tell his tale too often. It seems a strange thing, even to those who live on the edge of the railway line, that some of the doughtier

Wessex worthies, having proved their prowess on every available British head, should have journeyed into Greece and other Eastern countries to carry the fame of Wiltshire and Berkshire to the ends of the world. These highlands of the chalk were not for nothing the crossing-point of two great roads, reputed Roman, running to the cardinal points, and especially to Southampton and Bristol. It was from those ports, now often considered provincial, that the best streams of exploration and adventure ran, and ever since Englishmen went abroad at all, Wiltshiremen held their own, even with the better-vaunted men of Devon. Their sturdy strength was happily to the outward at Crecy and in a hundred fights before Waterloo, and these now out-of-the-world villages have had something to do with the making and unmaking of Empires.

Whatever the villages have produced of world-factor to work elsewhere, there is never any disposition to welcome the world within their doors. They look rather for the return of something that has gone than for a new arrival. There is always a feeling about them that they have never really found themselves since the departure of the Romans. The truth, no doubt, is that they lost their independence at some later date or dates, perhaps culminating in the enclosure of the commons. There is no home wherein to welcome progress. In the only real sense of the word there are no villages, for there is no foundation on which to rear any communal edifice. Writers on English country life continually use the name "peasant," whereas the peasant is so rare in England that you can say he does not exist. If you have here and there one, an isolated liver-upon-the-land is no more a peasant than a single blade is a scissor. "Serf" is a harsh word, but it is nearer the facts than "peasant." Almost the only independent man in this survey of the White Horse country is the blacksmith, sometimes found in the more mature manifestation of founder. Mr. Williams has a cheering description of the foundry at Chiseldon, which has been in use for two centuries, and he says that within a radius of twelve miles there are still seven or eight left. In a village foundry a man may see his work through all the stages until it has joined the other parts and is perfect. He brings his casting to the turner in the same building, and asks him if it does not cut sweetly. "A wasn't burned," he asserts triumphantly. "You can kip the metal gentle and mild, or you can burn't up and make it as brittle as glass. Tha's the caster's lookout." And these smiths of Wiltshire pull to pieces the unrepairable American reaping machines and make the parts do duty in a new creation. These Southern ironworks that once flourished on oak forests that have now disappeared, are striking their old roots into the new coal supply. They strike out a spark of peasantry in a world of cinders, just now stirring with the hope of a revival. But its love of looking back is shown in a rather remarkable instance. The old people at Bourton declare that the reputed church cross there is the Saxon commemoration of the expulsion of the Danes, and they hand down, as though it had come orally from that time, the declaration of the expelled that England was their country, and that they would return. "They allus said they'd come back, and they wants to come back, and they *hull* come back, too, some day right anuff." It would be curious if the agriculture and co-operative methods of the Danes should be chosen for the regeneration of our chalk highlands.

WEALTH AND LIFE.

V.—SOCIETY.

IN fulfilment of the impulse towards life, our South Sea savages achieved the beginnings of wealth and of civilization, for the purpose, in both cases, of increasing their life either in quantity or by intensifying its quality. Another process, too, will have been going on among them at the same time. They will have been developing some sort of a social structure. They will have become a more or less organized tribe, a primitive human society.

Possibly their society will be patriarchal, with the first father, stronger and more experienced, savager and more wily, as a despotic headman. The necessities of a

family, the two sexes, the helplessness of young children, and blood relationships, in themselves form the groundwork of a social structure. But the growth of the tribe's society is hardly likely to stop at that. If self-defence or aggression is its main concern, its social structure will be of a military type, under a fighting chief. If they hunt wild animals in company, they will need a leader. Among share fishermen, alongshore, in the ancient but skilled work of seining—a kind of fishing which practically amounts to hunting down fish with a long net when they play up in schools—the formation (and constant breakdown) of a social sub-structure, under very primitive conditions, can even now be observed. The seining crew should be divided into skipper, watchers, boatmen, proper fishermen, strappers, and so forth, each man doing his own work and taking his due share. But often at a time of extra excitement, especially if the skipper—maybe an excellent fisherman—is not an authoritative man, the structure crumbles and the crew relapse almost into a mob of savages; each man yells orders, snatches at ropes, and curses every other man most murderously. Perhaps the crew breaks up altogether. But the social structure of it is always tending to form again; it is, on the whole, so much the more efficient for catching a livelihood.

If our tribe, however, is principally occupied in tillage, their society is likely to be of an industrial type; property in land is almost sure to make its appearance, and probably the women will do the labor, whilst the men fight, hunt, or take their ease. But any social structure needs customs, taboos, and laws, both for its preservation and for the maintenance of balance between its parts. Though we are now familiar enough with attempts (not often very successful) to initiate social change by means of legislation, the historic function of the law is not the new-moulding of society, but the conservation of it, or the embodiment of changes already made within it; and, in fact, the law, in spite of frequent political pressure, observably leans to conservatism. Custom and taboo in our tribe will probably be enforced by priests or witch-doctors, who, in addition to their armory of poison and assassination, will play upon the fears and imagination of the tribe, and will call down on offenders the vengeance of bloodthirsty deities. Should the priests gain the upper hand in the tribe, its society will become of a religious type.

In actual life, of course, various types of social structure in various stages of development are inextricably blended together, though usually with one or other type predominant. And just as the beginnings of wealth and civilization cannot be sharply distinguished from similar processes among animals, so the beginnings of human society can be paralleled among animal communities, but with this difference, already noted in regard to civilization, that man, in virtue of his intellect and will, can go indefinitely further, and likewise make atrocious mistakes. But nevertheless he advances in the direction of more and a keener life. Abominable as our present society is in many respects, we may improve or develop it, but we cannot go back on it without reversing that impulse towards life which has created it. On the whole, and notwithstanding its millions near starvation, it does enable a greater population to support itself in more life than would be possible without any social structure at all, or in a more rudimentary society. That it might be far more effective, and its benefits far better distributed, is another matter, to be dealt with later.

Our savages, needless to say, were only illustrative. The earliest developments of human society are controversially uncertain, and likely to remain so; for even if we had all the material facts at our disposal, it is not possible to project ourselves fully into the workings of the savage mind; we grope there in a mental twilight. But the general trend of the social process is not so obscure, and the two aspects of it which bear on our argument are specially striking.

First, as to its result. . . . It is remarkable how greatly the difference between primitive societies and our own is one of degree, how little one of kind; and how persistently the most primitive characteristics survive in our own social structure. Our law and custom are full of old taboos; the symbolism of our religion is so blood-

thirsty that it would horrify us, were we not accustomed to it; our class distinctions hark back to prehistoric times; the brute in us is venerated over rather than eliminated; and apart from the support of our social structure, in contact with savage life (as Conrad has so grimly shown in his West African stories), we are apt to shed our civilization like an irksome garment. Races that can only have been in contact, if at all, in the remotest ages, have developed social structures on curiously similar lines. Human effort, in the large, appears to pursue not fresh ends, but an unfolding aim, and it would seem, indeed, as if there were certain channels, determined by the nature of life itself, along which social development was predestined to flow.

Second, as to its purpose. . . . However dimly a purpose may have been realized, it is evident that the effect of social development has been, on the whole, to preserve, to increase, and to enrich human life, and it can scarcely be doubted that, consciously or subconsciously, some such intention, perhaps become instinctive rather than a deliberate effort, has prompted each successive stage in the development of society. Mistakes and false moves innumerable have been made; blind tracks have been entered upon; nations have had to retrace their paths or have come to extinction; but society, too, in its general tendency—like wealth and civilization—is an outcome and a fulfilment, however partial, of life's inherent impulse towards more life.

The difficulty of the subject lies in its wide range and great complexity, to say nothing of the conflicting interests of the individual and society, or of different sections of society. But in so far as the social structure serves for the production of wealth (already defined as the material means of more life), the process of social development is fairly plain, and its more deliberate efforts are perfectly familiar in the form of industrial organization and specialization. Just as two men, attacking together, stand to knock down a stronger man who could knock them each down separately; or as two men, working together, can produce considerably more than the sum of what they could each produce separately; so, by means of co-operation, together with organization and specialization, society makes possible a total production of wealth immeasurably greater than could be obtained by each member of the community working entirely "on his own." It is, in fact, a co-operation so wide and loose that it is capable of containing within it competitive and many other mutually discordant elements, though its measure of success largely depends on their removal or reconciliation. If life produces, wealth produces more life . . . then society vastly augments that process. It adds to it a surplus created by association.

But that is not its only function, nor was it perhaps its first. The evolution and psychology of gregariousness has not been fully studied. On some species of animals, it obviously confers the advantages of joint defence, or of hunting in packs. Others, such as fish, would appear to be gregarious merely because they hatch together in huge quantities. But probably the cannibalism of fish provides a likelier explanation. Small fish do well to keep together in shallow waters, away from their elders, for the very good reason that they would otherwise be eaten by them. And in point of fact, shoals of big fish do contain a greater range of sizes than shoals of fry, whilst some species, which are gregarious when young, become solitary as they grow older and stronger. Scarcity or abundance of food, scattered or in masses, must also have a bearing on gregariousness. . . .

In man, however, it serves an additional and more subtle purpose. To heighten sensation is effectively to increase life by intensifying its quality. Association carries that process further still. Whether or no there is a telepathy between individuals, at all events there is a sympathy, and sensations shared are not simply diffused or communicated: they are heightened; or—in the case of sorrow and pain, depressing sensations which, so to speak, run counter to life—they are lightened. Hence a further impulsion towards gregariousness and a social structure. To such an extent is this the case that the crowd is recognized as having a psychology of its own, and in it emotions blaze forth which would only smoulder in

individuals. Company lends a sense of safety; fear of loneliness is common enough, and becomes acute in several nervous diseases; but fear in a crowd, from being lessened thereby, may suddenly and easily change into panic. Most religions have taken advantage of what may be called gregarious worship—some of gregarious hysteria. Many sensations owe their very existence to society, which has thus extended the range as well as the intensity of sensation, and so of life.

In other words, a social structure augments not only the process of wealth, but also that of civilization. Society is a kind of pool—very imperfectly organized, it is true—out of which men draw—or should draw—both as to quantity and quality, more life than they have put in. It is, in fine, a large co-operation among human beings in fulfilling the impulse towards life. And on the function of society depends in a large measure the proper function of the State, since the State—as was inevitable on its becoming democratic—tends more and more to absorb social sub-structures and to act as the agent, the cutting edge, of society as a whole.

We have said that as wealth represents man's reaction with matter, so civilization represents his reaction with himself, but hitherto have avoided going into the nature of that reaction. In the wider sense of the word, it is Work.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

Short Studies.

GOING TO WORK.

SCHOOL was only yesterday, and yet it was finished for ever. The little world of green fields, of wide walls covered with maps, of well-thumbed, dog's-eared books, of all kinds of friendships, jealousies, and competitions had already faded so distantly that it seemed faint as a dream.

About him now were wide, long streets, and all the bustle and movement of a strange world. Outside, cars with their eager drivers were spanking past; there were cabs and trams, lorries and bicycles—a very whirlpool of movement, which seemed to have neither direction nor purpose. They came from all sides, and they went away from every side without as much as a look at him. The footpaths were equally thronged. So many different people, and all grown up! Only now and again were boys to be seen. The world had suddenly become moustached and grave, and yesterday a moustache was the badge of age! It seemed that the world was full of people who had moustaches and spectacles. Yesterday a person who wore spectacles was called "Old Four-Eyes." It meant a silly person, an incompetent, at whom one flung snowballs or clods in their season, and whom one held at a distance always.

A fat man was waddling along the road, but no person looked at or made fun of him. A woman fought with her umbrella, which had become twisted among parcels—not a living soul laughed at her! A driver had just set down his fare, and, climbing to his seat again, he slipped on the greasy wheel and fell, but nobody shouted the funny things which were customary.

These matters would have been enough to make one die of laughing yesterday, but yesterday was undoubtedly dead, and to-day was a world in which he had no part. Things had always centred about him before. Lessons, fights, games, all had swung in his immediacy, not alone within focus, but actually within reach of his hand, and here, suddenly, he was out of focus and out of touch. There were happenings on every side, which had nothing to do with him. None of the drivers of these cabs and cars looked to him for approbation or assistance. Not a tram-man suggested that he should do anything for him. The very cyclists kept their eyes for themselves as they whizzed steadily past. No one stopped even for a minute to ask him a question, or to say—"It's a nice day!" or "That's a fine building over

yonder!" Nobody said a word. They went here and there, and if he did not get out of their way, they got out of his without so much as looking at him.

He was lonely, it is true, but he was not unhappy. A curious person has no time to be miserable, and he was very curious. There were such multitudes of things to look at and listen to—the never-ceasing stream of people who came towards him on the pavement, and the hurrying swarm of those who caught up, passed, and disappeared every moment. Where did they come from, and to what places were they going? They appeared before him, vital and human, for one brief moment, and then they disappeared. Had he anything to do with them? Was there no point of contact between himself and these hurrying strangers? Were they hastening utterly out of his sight, or would they return to-morrow or the next day to clap him on the shoulder and say—"You and I must know each other well: we will walk together and tell our secrets to each other and be friends"; for, without knowledge, he knew that people must be friends, and that no other life than that of friendship is possible.

He had these feelings, but not these thoughts, and even the feelings were not verifiable because the sun was shining, and the bustle and movement of the world forbade any exercise other than those of eyes and ears, but somewhere, without effort and without cognizance, he was recording and storing away impressions and intricacies, raw stuffs of every kind, which his mind would digest later on when it got a little time to itself.

Meanwhile, there was something to be done which did not admit of loitering. He looked again at the paper in his hand: it was crumpled and dirty, but he clung to it as to an anchor. The pencilled address on it was almost indecipherable, but, although he knew it by heart, he read it again with the same care as at first. At the end of each street he had asked some hurrying stranger "Did he know the way to—Street?" and they had all given him a complicated direction, of which he could remember nothing but the first turning. He halted again and asked one of those flying nobodies, and the stranger replied without looking at him—"You are almost beside it," said he; "it is the second turn on the right," and the stranger melted away as all the others had done.

He paced on. All kinds of thoughts were in his mind. Perhaps that man did not really know where the street was. He might have answered only to get rid of him, or he might have thought, honestly enough, that he was giving the proper direction and yet was mistaken, for in a place of the hugeness of this city one might easily be mistaken. There were streets everywhere, and off each street other streets branched endlessly. It did not seem possible that one could know with such readiness where any particular place was in such a congeries of streets: furthermore, he had a feeling that the place for which he was seeking could not be so easily discovered as the man's remark implied. It was only one street off! Can one reach a place of wonder and terror in half-an-hour's easy walking? One should take ship and fight through savage forests and naked enemies to come to any place worth winning to.

At the end of this street also he halted, and although his heart began to beat painfully, yet he was chilled. There was a sensation of emptiness at the pit of his stomach. He felt that now he had come so near to the end he would be glad not to search any further. The end was too definite, too immediate. Half-an-hour was not sufficient time to make one accustomed to any consummation. He might have turned and walked away again, but there was no place to go to. He would not be allowed back to school, and his parents were away in England—he walked on.

At the next turning he halted again, and asked another man where—Street was?

The man looked at him.

"This is it," said he calmly. He raised his hand slightly and pointed, "There it is," said he, and he also went quickly away.

He was standing by the very street. Six paces

more, and he was standing in it. It was a narrow place. Two lines of high houses frowned over a long strip of road. The road was dotted here and there with a few cars, and there were perhaps half-a-dozen people walking in it. It was very silent.

He walked down the street consulting his crumpled piece of paper, and at a certain house he halted. Then he put the scrap of paper in his pocket, and knocked very gently on the door.

JAMES STEPHENS.

Communications

THE RIGHT TO STRIKE AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The strike of Corporation employees at Leeds gives rise to economic problems of the highest importance. The chief of them may be expressed in the following questions: Is the strike a legitimate weapon in the case of workmen engaged in the State or municipal service? In the event of such employees abstaining from their work, what is the duty of the ordinary citizen, and, in particular, what attitude should be taken by a public institution? If the weapon of the strike is destroyed or blunted in the case of those engaged in the public service, what means of redressing their grievances can be substituted for it? All these questions have been much debated in Leeds during the past few days, and not without a good deal of confusion of thought and of statement. Although not really new problems, they are now being acutely felt for the first time. Their solution will not be a simple matter.

One fact needs to be clearly stated at the outset. The mere incident that the employer is the State or the municipality is not in itself a sufficient reason for depriving the workmen of a method of warfare which is available for those in private employ. The State or the city as an employer must be subject to the same forms of pressure as any other employer carrying on the same type of business. It is true, of course, that the worker in the public service has at his command facilities for stating his case which are not possessed by his fellows outside that service—through the pressure of public opinion and of his elected representatives—and to this extent he is more likely to be able to secure a fair hearing without having recourse to the strike. But, *per contra*, the management of public affairs is left in the hands of a comparatively small executive body, which is, in some respects, analogous to a Board of Directors, and may become not less autocratic. Moreover, this executive does not necessarily represent at all times the considered opinions of the real employers—that is, of the whole body of citizens. If, therefore, any differentiation be made, it should be rather on account of the nature of the service than of the type of employer. Where the service is essential to the health, safety, or general welfare of the community at large, there is reason for distinguishing it from that which merely aims at furnishing financial profit to an individual, or to a group of individuals. For the most part, the public service is of the former character; but so also are certain industries which are at present in the hands of persons trading for private profit. For example, those connected with the food supply, coal, and transport. The same general rule should be applied to these industries as to those which are monopolies of the State or the city. It is necessary, therefore, to guard against the danger of looking upon the service of the State or the municipality as something essentially different, in relation to the problems now under discussion, from private employment. It does differ in this respect—that the average citizen, being himself the employer, is more likely to feel called upon to intervene personally in a labor dispute; but the difference is certainly not such as to constitute a reason for demanding from the employee a special standard of conduct.

When we attempt to differentiate between different types of service, and to say that one type must be immune from strikes and another not necessarily so, we are at once faced with a further difficulty—namely, that of fixing the

dividing line between those services which are vital to the welfare of the community and those which are not. Opinions differ widely on this point; and it would clearly be impossible to make a division which would meet with general acceptance. The vital nature of certain services is beyond question; but, in the majority of cases, arguments may be adduced both for and against, and it becomes a question of degree and a matter for individual judgment. The whole thing must be thrashed out in detail.

For purposes of argument, it has been assumed above that it is feasible to curtail, in certain circumstances, the right of a workman to strike. This is a presupposition commonly accepted but really fallacious. Whether, in certain kinds of employment the strike is an improper weapon is a different matter; but as to abolishing the right to strike—the thing is impossible. Any man, unless he be a slave, is entitled (subject to the conditions of his contract) to leave his employment when he thinks fit, and for him and his fellow-workers all to leave at the same time is no crime, and could not equitably be made illegal. Even if it were prohibited by Act of Parliament, the position would not be appreciably altered, because men who wished to strike would still do so and risk the penalty, as they do now in leaving without giving the notice required by their contracts. In speaking of the right to strike, therefore, we must recognize that we are using a loose phrase, having in mind moral obligations and not legal restrictions.

We now come to our second question—the duty or the right of action of the individual citizen or the public institution in circumstances detrimental to the interests of the community. Taking, first, the case of the individual citizen, it can hardly be questioned that, if he feels called upon to attempt tasks which are usually performed by others who have for the moment ceased to perform them, he is perfectly entitled to do so. If he feels that such action on his part would benefit the community, then it is his obvious duty, and not merely his right, to take that course. Should a large body of citizens act in this manner, it may be argued that they are making less effective the concerted action of the regular workmen in abstaining from their work. To some extent this may be true; but it certainly is not true to say that by their action they deprive the workmen of the right to strike. For, although they may succeed in maintaining the services which the discontented employees have ceased to perform, they can only do so at great inconvenience to themselves, and, where feeling runs high, at risk of personal injury. The strike will probably be just as effective, possibly even more so, in calling public attention to the men's grievances; and the volunteer substitutes will have had an opportunity, such as they could never otherwise obtain, of judging for themselves whether or not the grievances are justified. A point likely to be lost sight of in the heat of a dispute is that the primary aim of the volunteers is not to defeat the strikers' cause, but to obviate a disaster to the whole community.

As to the attitude which should be taken up by a public institution in such circumstances, the position is more complicated. As a corporate body, it has the rights of an ordinary citizen; but, in proportion to the weight of its influence and power and public character, its obligation to consider the consequences of its action is increased. Further, while it is entitled to formulate opinions and to use its resources as it deems proper, it has no right to impose its will upon its individual members or its employees. These should be free to follow the dictates of their own consciences, and should be subject only to the law of the land and to their obligation to refrain from action prejudicial to the interests of the body of which they are members or servants. It is for the institution itself to judge whether it is advisable or not to take any action at all in its corporate capacity. Probably, in relation to certain questions, such as, for example, party politics and industrial disputes, it is not wise to do so. But the circumstances of the individual case must be taken into account. A nice point is raised as to whether the officials who, normally, are the spokesmen of the institution can express their own personal opinions or take individual action without prejudicing the position of the corporate body they serve. It is often extremely difficult to dissociate the individuals from their offices; but if this makes it necessary to answer the question in the negative, it means that, because of their positions, they are

denied a right of citizenship, and the community may be deprived of the advice of some of its wisest members. In circumstances such as we have in mind, there is much to be said for an abstention by the institution, accompanied by a perfect freedom for its members and servants.

In dealing with the third question, we have to consider, in the first place, how far a substitute for the strike is needed; and, in the second place, what that substitute should be. It has been pointed out already that it is impracticable to forbid strikes by law; and, further, that such action as may be taken by the general body of citizens in substituting their own labor for that of men who have "downed tools" does not necessarily make the strike ineffective. But if both these points are conceded, it will, nevertheless, be generally held that all strikes—and, in particular, those which affect certain common interests—are to be deprecated, and that, if possible, some other method should be found of settling disputes. The right method will be hard to find, and in all probability will not be discovered until a number of experiments have been tried, and perhaps many failures have been recorded. Many attempts have already been made, and, in a few individual instances, have met with a certain amount of success; but it is increasingly evident that we want a permanent organization which, in case of need, can quickly and by a smooth procedure be brought into play. Conciliation Boards were established in places some years ago; for the most part, they are moribund and almost forgotten. The reasons for their failure need not be here discussed; but one lesson is to be learnt from them—that any organization set up for a like purpose must be of such a nature that it will not cease to be a living force in labor problems simply because, during several months or years, no serious dispute happens to arise. The constitution of such a body, the procedure for calling in its aid, the nature of references to it, and the means of enforcing its decisions, are all matters requiring grave consideration, and can be better dealt with by others than the present writer. But, as a basis for discussion, it may be suggested that any such body should be small; that it should include (for the sake of his expert and wide knowledge) an official of the central government; that its local members should be not representative of either of the disputants, but independent of both sides; that it should have the services of a permanent secretary, who, if paid, should derive his salary from other than local sources; and that it should have wide powers of inquiry into the whole conditions of employment, not merely at a time of crisis in any particular industry, but at all times. By the collection and publication of trustworthy information about industrial conditions, such a body would render an incalculable service to the community, would lessen the risk of dislocation of industries by great struggles, and would make more easy of settlement such disputes as might occur.—Yours, &c.,

A. E. W.

December 24th, 1913.

Letters to the Editor.

HOME RULE AND FEDERALISM.

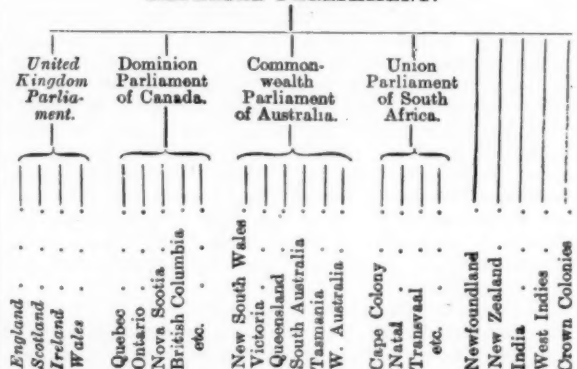
To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As an advocate for nearly twenty-five years of the Federal solution of the Home Rule question, I am grateful for the support you are giving to the cause in your columns. The great task of our statesmen to-day is to reconcile the spirit of nationality to a Central Government. Whether this task be to reconcile the Nationalist spirit of Irishmen to the Government of the United Kingdom, or the national spirit of the Canadian, or the Australian, or the South African to the maintenance of the unity of the Empire, success can only be attained through the adoption of the Federal principle. It is not, in my judgment, true to say that nationality and federalism are opposing principles.

It is clear, from the letters which have appeared in your columns and elsewhere, that many people do not fully understand what the establishment of Federal Government in the United Kingdom implies. It implies the devolution to sub-

ordinate legislatures in England and Scotland, as well as in Ireland, of the separate interests of each country. The existing Parliament, with some reduction of members in the House of Commons, and with some alteration in the composition of the House of Lords, would continue to discharge the double function of the Parliament of the United Kingdom and the Imperial Parliament until the time comes for the establishment of an Imperial Council or Parliament in which the Overseas Dominions are represented. Your correspondent, Mr. E. T. John, for instance, does not, as far as I can gather from his letter—though I may misjudge him—appear to realize that just as every Canadian, South African, and Australian now lives under three different Governments, each dealing with a distinct class of business, so we of the motherland must divide the functions now performed by a single Parliament between three distinct legislative authorities, or sets of authorities. The coping-stone of the constitutional structure of the Empire will ultimately rest on four pillars or four federations in the four self-governing portions of the Empire. What is meant will be best understood from the following diagram:—

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.



NOTE.—Italics denote the steps still to be taken to complete the constitutional structure of the Empire.

With Mr. John's view that the establishment of Federal Home Rule simultaneously in all the countries of the United Kingdom instead of by instalments, is the more logical and statesmanlike course, I fully concur. The main objection to such a course is the fact that Englishmen have hardly yet begun to contemplate seriously the need of Home Rule as applied to themselves. The case for English Home Rule is not often put to them; but when it is, I can say, from experience, they grasp it very readily. It is not insignificant that the principal speaker at a Primrose League meeting, a few days ago, raised the cry of Home Rule for England, and that a company of Sussex agriculturists, whom I addressed last week, heartily cheered a similar claim when I pointed out that, under our present form of government, the English land system, which I believe to be the best in the world, and under which landlords and tenants, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, live harmoniously together, might be upset by the votes of Irishmen and Scotsmen who know nothing of English conditions. Mr. George's land campaign is a very powerful agency for making English agricultural constituencies realize the need of Home Rule for England.

Of the three other difficulties in the application of federalism to these islands, to which you, sir, have referred, I submit that:—

1. There are not many Members of the House of Commons, even on the Unionist side, who agree with Lord Hugh Cecil that further reforms in procedure and curtailments of the liberty of debate will enable the business of the country to be efficiently conducted in that House.

2. That the balance of opinion is in favor of maintaining the bi-cameral character of the existing Parliament for the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and that all the reserve of power should, as in the Canadian Constitution, rest with that Parliament rather than with subordinate legislatures.

3. That the system of finance proposed in the present Bill will lead to endless friction, and is satisfactory neither to Ireland nor to Great Britain; and in the creation of the new system, different principles to those adopted in the Bill

or recommended by the Committee of Experts will have to be followed.—Yours, &c.,
Normanhurst, Battle.
December 24th, 1913.

HYTHE.

LIBERALISM AND ARMAMENTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As one of a possible minority who believes that the Liberal Party have paid too dear a price even for the capture from the enemy of such a brilliant recruit as Mr. Winston Churchill, I read with interest your article on "Naval Megalomania."

As you truly observe, "inflated Estimates were never put forward with less justification or with less prospect of popularity, and the representatives of the taxpayer were never in a stronger position to resist them." Will these Estimates be resisted? I, for one, devoutly hope so; otherwise, when next called upon as a Liberal to exercise my franchise, I shall have no alternative but to give my vote to a third party, pledged, whatever its faults, to a less bellicose conception of international relations.

A few weeks ago, Mr. Bonar Law spoke with unwonted vision in this city, and, in the course of some remarks, hazarded the opinion that if the Liberal Party could only convince the electorate that they were the friends of the poor, there was no reason why the Tory Party should not be doomed to spend "forty years in the wilderness." Many of us are of the same opinion; but a frenzied shipbuilding programme is no part of such conviction.

The Liberal Party will have to meet a curious lot of foes at the next hustings—the remnant of the Tariff Reform army lives to fight again; the militant section of the woman suffrage movement will be against them; and, possibly, a growing section of discontented labor. If Mr. Churchill has his way, it is certain that a formidable proportion of the Nonconformist vote will be detached, either to vote Labor where possible, or not vote at all. Do the Government think they can as easily throw dust in the eyes of their Nonconformist supporters in the matter of armaments as they have done over the Education question? If they do, the hour of reckoning is nearer than they think.—Yours, &c.,
BERIC.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, December 29th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "I. H. P.," repeats the argument used by Lord Sydenham against the abolition of the practice of capturing private property at sea. "Let it alone," they tell us; "it is a great deterrent." Now, "I. H. P." wants to reduce armaments. But why do we all pay for armaments? To protect our trade. The British fleet exists to protect British trade against, say, the German fleet; the German fleet exists to protect German trade against the British fleet. Consequently, if you abolish the practice of capture, you abolish, in large part, the *raison d'être* of both fleets. True, you have thereby removed one element which deters the commercial mind from war; but you have done it in a way that promotes peace, and, if war does in fact ensue, you have restricted the area of its operation. The great merit of the abolition of the practice of capture is that, of all possible measures, it is that which most tends to remove the excuse for competition in naval armaments.

This argument of "I. H. P.'s" is a variant of the old contention that war should be made as horrible as possible, and should thus become impossible from its very savagery. This, as Mr. J. M. Robertson has pointed out, means that you should first plunge into complete barbarism and then suddenly jump into the highest civilization.—Yours, &c.,
CHAS. WRIGHT.

Lloyd's, E.C., December 22nd, 1913.

THE LAND CAMPAIGN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Can you tell me—for I really do not know—what Mr. Lloyd George means by reitcrating "privilege" and "monopoly" every time he opens his mouth about owners of land? There is no "privilege" or "monopoly" in con-

nection with land, except so far as every owner of any kind of property is, as such, "privileged" and a "monopolist." Indeed, as everybody knows, ownership of land is less absolute than ownership of personality in law (Agricultural Holdings Acts, &c.), and infinitely less so in public opinion. As Mr. George does not profess to be a land-nationalizer, his use of such terms would seem to be a mere appeal—wicked or merely silly, as you prefer—to passion and prejudice.

Again, can anything be more unfair than his criticism of the Unionist proposals? If it were proposed to buy bread to distribute to a destitute class, who would not see the unfairness of the criticism that the policy put some money into the pockets of the bakers? It is alleged, for instance, that Old Age Pensions have benefited the tea trade. If you, directly or indirectly, enable any class to buy anything, those who have got the commodity to sell must inevitably benefit to some extent. But what an ignoble spirit to consider that contingent benefit to the seller as a reason for depriving the poor purchaser of the benefit! Better that the small small-holder should not have his holding than that the landowner should make a profit!

Mr. George says that the days of the infamous leasehold system are numbered. Now, here is quite a possible case: An owner has the option of working his land himself or of leasing it for a rent greater than his present or prospective profit. In such a position, I have recently heard an owner argue that he will not lease. He argues that he will, apparently, like the Brunners and Monds, be allowed to keep all that he can wring out by his own—or what, of course, may be only nominally his own—enterprise; but that, under Mr. George, once he leases, he does not know where he will be. And yet, is it not demonstrable that, if the tenant can make his own profit and also pay the landlord a rent higher than the landlord's profit, it is because the tenant can cultivate the land to more advantage? And this instance is typical. No "impartial" commissioner can have such a lively interest in the productiveness of the soil as the landlord whose rent is, on the whole, the measure of that productiveness.

Carlyle berated English landlords for "preserving their game." By this, he did not mean that they were rapacious tyrants—what mercantile man grants wholesale remissions of his claims as landlords do of their rents, or, indeed, professes any particular moral responsibility for the people with whom he deals?—but that they were largely social and political *flâneurs*. But this evil, so far as it exists, Mr. Lloyd George would immensely aggravate by practically depriving landlords of any real responsibility for the management of their estates and making them mere rent charges.

What would the Brunners and the Monds say if it were proposed to send an "impartial" or, as they would prefer to say, an irresponsible gentleman from London to supervise every transaction they entered into? If the object is to get the most out of the land, that tenure is the best which gives the actual cultivator the permanent interest of a proprietor. The next best is landlordism, where there is one man, though not himself the actual cultivator, with the permanent interest, motive, power, and responsibility to get the most out of the land. The worst of all is where the interest, motive, power, and responsibility are nowhere, or are divided among landlord, tenant, and irresponsible officials. They certainly are not in the tenant, who, under the proposed legislation, is very far from being in the position of a peasant-proprietor. Why should dual ownership be more tolerable in England than in Ireland? Having begun by scouting purchase, and having, at the same time, broken down the existing system of undivided landlord responsibility, we are, as in Ireland, only too likely to end by purchase as an escape from the intolerable position we shall have created.—Yours, &c.,
A. A. MITCHELL.

7, Huntly Gardens, Glasgow.
December 31st, 1913.

"THAT WOULD BE ROBBERY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I must first dissociate myself entirely from the doctrine of your correspondent, Mr. Henthorn Stott, that the resultant material "benefit of the people" would be

abundant (or any the least) justification for the confiscation of all (or any) private property. I do not believe in robbing Peter to benefit the apostolate any more than in robbing him to pay Paul. But Mr. Stott is begging the question when he thus implies that my letter was in advocacy of the confiscation of one class of "private property." My whole argument was directed to the conclusion (1) that the economic rent of land is *not* the private property of anyone, but is, from its very nature and origin, the property of the people already; and (2) that, on that very ground alone, its non-confiscation is, at best, an inadvertent connivance at self-robbery.

The term "robbery," as it appears in our text, is applied, not to the dispossession of an owner of property in hand, but to the retention from him of "property" (in the sense of the context) which is at present only an asset, and has not yet reached his hand. I used it in the same sense. And my argument was that the (open market) letting value of a particular section of the common territory being really nothing else but the equation between the most that one citizen will give periodically for its exclusive use and the least that the citizens at large (in their competition with one another) will let it go for to any one of their number, as it is an admitted liability of the former, so is it an asset of the latter, merely pending realization; and that, to whomsoever it is actually paid, and by whomsoever it is retained or intercepted, the community or body of citizens, none the less for its own ignorance or indifference, amounting to practical connivance, is, in not "confiscating" it, the victim of, and sufferer from, an enormous and yearly repeated robbery.

As to the equal inviolability of investments, it is at least clear that money withdrawn from, say, Consols and invested in a legal title to the annual proceeds of a "robbery," is now exposed to the new and peculiar risk of any legal amendment, abatement, or even rescindment of that title, in obedience to a rising appreciation of the demands of civic justice. *Caveat emptor!*—Yours, &c.,

A. C. AUCHMUTY.

Edgbaston, December 30th, 1913.

THE CLEARANCES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. A. D. Gillespie's short and comprehensive letter on this subject, in your issue of December 27th, 1913, I enjoyed the more as, immediately before perusing it, I had just been reading the admirable Statistical Account of this parish (Lochgoilhead and Kilmorich—i.e., Lochfynehead), in Sir John Sinclair's volumes (circa 1790), written by the then parish minister. In that account there is a most illuminating page or two which express, with uncommon precision and ability, the exact effect of the change made on the inhabitants of this parish by the substitution Mr. Gillespie rightly fixes on as the real cause of the much-debated old Highland clearances—namely, the substitution of sheep for tillage and "black cattle." If you can spare me room, I should like to give one or two sentences from the "Old Statistical Account." To begin with, the writer gives the population in exact figures, I think, forty years previous to the date of his account (1790), and at that date—namely, 1,505 of a total in the one case, and 1,012 in the other. He then goes on: "The great decrease in the population of the country is owing to the introduction of sheep. Since the farms have been chiefly stocked with sheep, one man often rents as much land as ten, twelve, or fourteen tenants formerly possessed." The writer has three closely printed pages following, under the heading, "Utility of the Present System." He carefully explains that the cogency of the argument against the practice of turning several small farms into one extensive grazing, and dispossessing the former tenants, fails in this parish; and that because of the particular circumstances here. "That the inhabitants of this part of the country were formerly sunk in indolence cannot be denied. The produce of this parish, since sheep have become the principal commodity, is at least double the intrinsic value of what it was formerly: and the system by which land returns the most valuable produce, and in the greatest abundance, seems to be the most beneficial for the country at large." Again: "Of the great number of people who have been deprived of their farms in this parish, for

thirty years past, few or none have settled out of the kingdom. They generally went to sea, or to the populous towns upon the Clyde. They have now an easy opportunity of training up their children to useful and profitable employments." Referring to what the army owed to the former inhabitants of the parish, now so largely out of it, the writer remarks: "But it will be acknowledged that the navy is of greater importance to this country than the army. The present system tends to support the navy. Nor has the present system contributed to make the condition of the inhabitants of the country worse than it was before; on the contrary, the change is greatly in their favor. In former times, indolence was almost the only comfort which they enjoyed. There was scarcely any variety of wretchedness with which they were not obliged to struggle, or rather to which they were not obliged to submit. They often felt what it was to want food; the scanty crops which they raised were consumed by their cattle in winter and spring; for a great part of the year they lived wholly on milk, and even that in the end of spring, and beginning of winter, was very scarce. They were frequently obliged to bleed their cattle, in order to subsist for some time upon the blood; and even the inhabitants of the glens and valleys repaired in crowds to the shore, at the distance of three or four miles, to pick up the scanty provision which the shell fish afforded them. They were miserably ill-clothed, and the huts in which they lived were dirty and mean beyond expression. How different from their present situation! They now enjoy the necessaries, and many of the comforts of life, in abundance; even those who are supported by the charity of the parish feel no real want. A country which is neither adapted for agriculture nor for rearing black cattle can never maintain any great number of people comfortably." I recur to the past question of Mr. A. D. Gillespie's letter: "Can an agricultural population be brought back to the Highlands?" The answer is not to be given categorically. It cannot be brought back in the old sense of it. But many and various things can be done in the direction of bringing more people into the country than are at present there. But the country is a wide word, and each bit of it has to be treated by itself. The cure, in general, which 1914 brings all of us face to face with is to bring into the country work such as can be profitably carried on in the particular part of the country under discussion at the moment. The people will follow the work.—Yours, &c.,

K.

Inveraray, New Year's Eve.

POPULAR ENGLISH.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The article on country sayings raises many interesting questions. On the point of "right as pie," Brewer suggests that the expression "apple-pie order" is derived from *cap à pied*. A haymaker flashed at me another possible derivation when he said, after running his eye along a curly row of haycocks: "They don't seem quite *apropos*." A variant of the "cold turkey pie," mentioned by your contributor, is "dry bread and pullet" (pull it). This is very commonly used in Gloucestershire. "I'd as lief" do this or that is quite literally an everyday form of speech here.—Yours, &c.,

G. G. DESMOND.

Sheepscomb, Stroud, Glos.
December 31st, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am interested in your article on "Popular English." With slight variations, many of the sayings and proverbs in Mr. Wright's book are current, even so far North as Scotland. One suspects that the "Cross off the ass's back" is dry humor. A similar saying in the North, "He would speer (ask) the tail off a poor wife, and then speer where it gade" (went) will illustrate my meaning. The little pig is known across the Border as the "dorneedy." A somewhat humorous story was told by the late Dr. MacGregor, St. Cuthbert's, at his own expense, which is too well-known to be repeated. Ladies in this district, years ago, used to refer to a certain form of hair-dressing as the "bun." Can any of your readers suggest why the name

"Gerard" obtained the sinister connection quoted in your article?—Yours, &c.,

Cairnhill, Macduff.
December 28th, 1913.

W. G.

TOWARDS NATIONAL EDUCATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I express the gratitude to you which all who care about the subject must feel for your article, "Towards National Education" (on December 20th)? Lord Haldane is persistently endeavoring to arouse in England a due sense of our backwardness in education, and the need to aim at higher ideals. You, sir, pointed out that a panic dread of Germany's commercial progress, though less ignoble than a panic at the thought of her military power, is not the best stimulus to our educational efforts. That will be found when the nation realizes, as "the doctors and teachers do realize, the power of the State through its schools to effect a transformation in the mental and physical stamina of the race."

To attain this end we must not only set a high value on scientific physical development, as has been done in Sweden for the last hundred years, with magnificent results, but we shall require higher qualifications and a more prolonged preparation of the teachers, and we must therefore provide more adequate payment. Great as are the zeal and the devotion of the profession, you cannot get the best work done unless you offer an adequate reward for it. The laborer is worthy of his hire—salaries and pensions are the key to the position.

An education authority is always tempted to economize on salaries; for, when once the necessary buildings are set up, there is nothing else on which it can save much. In elementary schools, the changes most needed are to reduce the size of classes in the towns, and to improve the qualifications of teachers of small classes in the country. Both these improvements will be costly, and their cost will augment the expenditure on salaries. It is here that the help of the State is most needed. There are, in the Tabular Statement of Staffing (Cd. 6933) abundant materials for making a grant depend upon the quality of the average staffing provided by each authority, without any addition to the present mass of "returns."

In secondary schools supported by education authorities, the question is how to improve the pay of the teacher while keeping down the numbers in a class. It is again a question of salaries—cost. But I believe that, if a grant is provided on terms which keep both these objects in view, the education authorities will respond to it. If the grant could cover all, or the greater part, of the difference between efficient and inefficient staffing, the authorities would be ready enough to adopt an improvement which would not materially increase the rates.

The increase in the salaries of elementary teachers is asked for by a powerful trade union in a market where the supply is less than the demand. This demand can only be met by teachers who reach the Board of Education standard, whatever that may be. There is no other source of supply hitherto unworked but admissible. There can be no doubt that an increase must be granted; it is, in fact, already begun.

In secondary schools there is no such compulsion of a trade union. The salaries offered for this highly skilled and very exacting work are such as are given to many office clerks of no special qualifications. If these fail to attract teachers of the required abilities and attainments, there are candidates less suitable for the work in plenty. The places can be filled with them, but the education provided will not be that which we are looking for; it will not have the wider view and the greater wealth of interest which should characterize secondary education.

From fear of claiming more of your space than you could reasonably allow me, I have stated my case bluntly and without any notice of the difficulties which will be found in working out a scheme with these aims. I have omitted the discussion of such difficulties as that of dealing differently with the town and country elementary schools, or the devising of a form of grant which should achieve the desired results in secondary schools. But I believe that anyone who will study the Blue Books (Cd. 6933 and 7043) will

be convinced of the possibility of devising such a grant if the object to be attained is once clearly perceived and defined.—Yours, &c.,

FRANK E. MARSHALL.

December 31st, 1913.

P.S.—In your note, you hardly do full justice to Mr. Pease's speech at the National Liberal Club. He proposed, it is true, to maintain an attendance grant—a grant assessed on a wider basis—the attendance in the whole area, not that of the individual school. But he also sketched a grant in relief of the loan costs, and a grant taking some account of the relative wealth of the areas—both of them valuable changes.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND VIOLENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. H. A. Garnett, seems to be laboring under a misapprehension. Militancy presents no deep problem to be solved—only a simple act of justice to be done. Women are militant because a Government, pledged to the principle that "taxation without representation is tyranny," levies their taxes and withholds their right to representation. If Mr. Garnett does not like militancy—I think I am right in assuming that he does not like it—let him blame the Government for it, not the women they have wronged. It is quite simple, really, especially if he has a vote, and used it to put this Government into office.

"Que les autres commencent!" is very naturally the reply of the militant women to all electors—especially Liberal electors—who ask them to put a stop to the present intolerable situation.—Yours, &c.,

EVELYN SHARP.

15, Mount Carmel Chambers, Duke's Lane.
Kensington, W.

December 31st, 1913.

THE CONVICTION OF MR. STEWART.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—All Englishmen who still cherish our great traditions of liberty, and who believe that freedom and intellectual honesty are the bases of true religion and morality, must thank you for your protest against the recrudescence of prosecutions for blasphemy. Please allow me, however, to point out that the second paragraph of your protest, in your issue of the 27th inst: "If a man use obscene language in public," &c., might, *unintentionally*, mislead anyone who had not previously read Professor Gilbert Murray's letters to THE NATION and "Manchester Guardian" as to the real nature of the imprisoned heretic's offence.

I know nothing of Mr. Stewart and of the expressions upon which he was condemned, only the meagre epitome that has been published in the press; but, in view of Professor Murray's categorical denial to the suggestion that there was anything of an obscene or indecent (as the word is generally used) nature in the matter complained of, too much care cannot be taken to avoid confusion of issues. Of course, I know well that you had not the remotest intention of insinuating that the latest blasphemy prisoner should have been prosecuted for obscenity, but I venture to think a cursory reader might so understand your second paragraph.

Persons who believe—there are no doubt still many—that Mr. Stewart was only nominally sentenced for blasphemy, his real crime being obscenity, must, logically, also believe the following absurdity: That a man whose exquisite poetic genius has made of Euripides an English poet worthy to rank with Shelley or Swinburne in magnificence of expression and subtlety of form, and whose critical acumen and imaginative insight, displayed in "The Rise of the Greek Epic," has never been surpassed in the history of scholarship, is so obtuse that he cannot discriminate between mere cheap vehemence and foulness.—Yours, &c.,

CHAS. GORDON CLUNN.

42, Prah Road, Finsbury Park, London, N.
December 29th, 1913.

THE QUESTION OF THE ÆGEAN ISLANDS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read with great interest your article entitled "The Isles of Greece," and I would be grateful to you if you would kindly allow me some space to say a few words on this subject.

Your plea for the union of all the Ægean Islands with the Hellenic Kingdom is a striking proof of uprightness and discretion. It is, of course, idle on my part to pretend disinterestedness, since I am a Greek, and your opinion coincides with the legitimate aspirations of my country; but I think that anyone who is independent and fairminded cannot but consider with ample satisfaction such a settlement of this question—a settlement of which the principle of nationalities forms the solid basis.

This principle applies also to the question of the Island of Cyprus. Apart from what you rightly say—viz., "the retention of Cyprus is useless to the English and irksome to its inhabitants," the island being Hellenic, it is only fair that it should be given to Greece by the generous hand of Great Britain. I do not, however, hesitate to say that this settlement would lose its moral value if, by the union of Cyprus with Greece, the sacrifice of another Hellenic part, either in Macedonia or in Epirus, were to be sought after. Such a settlement, I am positive, would not fill with enthusiasm even the Cypriotes.

If, however, British diplomacy, in fulfilling the national aspirations of the Cyprus people, wishes—notwithstanding the valuable service thus being offered to the principle of nationalities—to seek after a more practical course, this will be found in relation with the solution of the problem of the Italian possession of the Sporades. Undoubtedly the English example would exercise a great influence in the considerations of the Government of Rome as regards its imperative duty towards those Hellenic islands.—Yours, &c.,

D. TH. STAVRINIDES.

Middle Temple, E.C.

December 29th, 1913.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—*Apocryphos* of your review of Norton's "Letters," perhaps this reminiscence may be of interest. At his house, one Christmas, when he gathered, as yearly, all Harvard students who could not go "home for the holidays," Norton was showing his pictures and books, and proving his kindness and courtesy—product, as he was, of an old Boston, which, if provincial, was not unyielding nor inhuman. He, indeed, had "gone with the crowd," so far as to cut up and let for building some of his old, shady, villa estate. But, as my host, Professor William James, with whom I was received, said, "the name of Chicago is said to make Norton faint."

Yet Norton said to me that, of course, there never was anything narrower than olden New England, and that, personally, fearing the narrowness to be otherwise hopeless, he blessed the coming of the Irish to Boston, and the bringing there of the Catholic religion—Boston is now more than half Catholic—for they forced his little world out of itself, and opened it to worlds social, historical, artistic, religious, which gave possibility of expansion and growth. And yet, I need hardly say, Norton had but little sympathy even with the better sort of political Irish-American, and must have loathed the worse. And, artistically, even if not intellectually, the religion of the average Irish-American had, and has, standards truly deplorable and as distressing as anything in Chicago to a man of Norton's taste.—Yours, &c.,

W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

University College, Cork.

December 30th, 1913.

BLAKE AND BRITISH ART.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—One curious point about Blake's writings is their interweaving, so that all are necessary in the fabrication of one, and each to the understanding of the whole intent. This is as true of his pictures as of their bearing upon his books. In this inter-dependence we discover at once our difficulties with the colossal mind of the prophet, and, con-

currently, the sanity, homogeneity, steadfastness of his work. It is only those who have deeply studied Blake that have any clue to his real simplicity.

It is just because this simplicity is so real that I think it a pity the Catalogue gives the average man so little help with the pictures at the Tate Gallery. Mr. Archibald G. B. Russell suspects me of ignorance because of the clue I offer to the understanding of No. 68, named "Good and Evil Angel." In claiming the work in question to stand for Tiriel, I did not expose ignorance so much as a wide knowledge of the subject. I am quite aware that a somewhat similar picture, though with no suggestion of blindness, is found in the "Marriage of Heaven and Hell"; yet the reader will find it difficult to discover how it illustrates the text, except implicitly. As a matter of fact, it explicitly illustrates much of that grim book, "Tiriel," though it does not belong to it. Blake's deities reside in the human breast, and are but symbolic expressions of abstract truths. Tiriel is generic of blind authority and the misery it generates.

"My eyes are reverted. All that I behold

Within my soul has lost its splendor, and a brooding fear

Shadows me o'er, and drives me outward to a world of woe."

We find the same thought portrayed in the "Gates of Paradise," where the blind old man is clipping the wings of the eager young spirit. One might, perhaps, with almost equal propriety, claim that the picture represents the Olympic Urizen, the ancient Jehovah, represented in a marvellous illustration on the last page of "America," as at once weeping and frozen. Seeking to bind men down to the "Stones of Law," Urizen stands as the antithesis of the Titanic Orc, who, the prophet of divine revolt, came among men to inspire labor and make it art; to teach how love was creation, and the ways of Cæsar but slavery and imitation; to show how the Kingdom of Heaven is within us, and that trust in churches and schools, mills and money, makes it nigh impossible to enter that kingdom; to insist that the divine message brings with it a sword for the eternal warfare rather than peace. All these things were the inspiration of Orc, and for it he was crucified by those same stones of Law, by that very Reason which, Blake says, though "the bound or outward circumference of Energy," is always seeking to repress, instead of to accept, Energy as its own very soul.

This, sir, is the sort of simple clue the public need to have given them. It is a shining clue that, with varying hues and in diverse heroic forms, portrays the majestic fabric of Blake's work.

One word more, I beg, in reference to Mr. Russell's charge against me of ignorance concerning my subject. In the Inaugural Address which I gave at the first meeting of the Blake Society, last year, I pointed out how curiously these cross-references work, and how an illustration may seem hardly to have reference to the text amidst which it stands. Deeper study nearly always shows how the picture amplifies the argument, though sometimes we can hardly perceive its bearing until we discover a direct reference to it in some other book. There is no better evidence of this than the picture in question. Though Blake himself named it "Good and Evil Angel," this very reason makes the clue necessary. For who shall say which is the good and which the evil? The conventional person's heaven is the poet's hell. Shall law be our good angel or freedom, imitation or genius, justice or forgiveness?—Yours, &c.,

GREVILLE MACDONALD.

85, Harley Street, W.

December 22nd, 1913.

Poetry.

TO THE OLD YEAR.

Thy tolling bell, Old Year,
Is as a casement, to the night flung wide,
Thro' which, more vibrant and more clear,
The music of Remembrance, like a tide,
Pours on my ear;
Even as, thro' yonder window bars,
Rushes the splendor of the stars.

C. H. HERFORD.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Our Irish Theatre: A Chapter of Autobiography." By Lady Gregory. (Putnam. 5s. net.)
 "Henry James: A Critical Study." By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Hellas and the Balkan Wars." By D. J. Cassavetti. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Essays and Studies Presented to William Ridgeway." Edited by E. C. Quiggin. (Cambridge University Press. 25s. net.)
 "Early Collegiate Life." By John Venn. (Heffer. 5s. net.)
 "Studies in Portuguese Literature." By Aubrey F. G. Bell. (Blackwell. 6s. net.)
 "With Eastern Merchandise: An Anecdotal Book of Travel." By F. E. Powell. (Murby. 6s. net.)
 "Atlantis." By Gerhart Hauptmann. (Laurie. 6s.)
 "Old Mole." By Gilbert Cannan. (Secker. 6s.)
 "En Marge de l'Histoire." Par A. Puis. (Paris: Champion. 7 fr.)
 "L'Albanie et Napoléon (1797-1814)." Par A. Bopp. (Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50.)
 "Les Sociétés Populaires à Nantes pendant la Révolution." Par A. Lallié. (Nantes: Durand. 3 fr.)
 "Der Kandidat." Roman. Von R. Braunschweiger. (Leipzig: Frankenstein und Wagner. M. 3.)

IN addition to his coming novel, "Les Anges," M. Anatole France has finished writing an account of his childhood which will supplement the stories to be found in "Le Livre de mon Ami" and "Pierre Nozière." The new book, which is to be called "Le Petit Pierre," will first appear as a serial in the "Revue de Paris."

PUBLISHERS are now busy with their spring lists of announcements, and the titles of some of the early books of the season have already been made public. A large proportion of these are, of course, biographies. Messrs. Alston Rivers, for example, have almost ready a lengthy biography of Carlyle by Mr. David Alec Wilson, whose little volume, "The Truth about Carlyle," was a combative reply to some of Mr. Frank Harris's statements. Mr. Wilson is a warm admirer of Carlyle, and his book is the result of several years of labor.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON have in preparation an English translation of M. Herpin's biography of Armand de Chateaubriand, a relative of the great writer, and so active a plotter in the Royalist cause against the Revolution and Napoleon that he is usually termed "the agent of the princes." M. Herpin gives an account of Armand de Chateaubriand's life in London, and of "the underground post" which he established between this country and France. The English title of the book is "A Hero of Brittany." It has been translated by Mrs. Colquhoun Grant.

MR. W. H. FURNESS is editing a collection of the addresses and miscellaneous writings of his father, the late Horace Howard Furness. He proposes also to issue a volume of Dr. Furness's letters, together with some form of biographical record.

MR. ERNEST NEWMAN is already the author of two books about Wagner. He has now finished a third on the same composer. It tells the story of Wagner's life in the light of recent additions to our knowledge, a good deal being said about his different love affairs.

ANECDOTAL biography, by the way, forms the theme of an article in the current number of the New York "Nation." The writer explains that the anecdotal biography is a democratization of the old memoir, and that its present vogue is one of the most marked evidences of the popularization of learning. "It has the merits of unflagging interest, dramatic quality, and a suggestiveness that leaves much to the imagination without actually requiring a passing of judgment." Perhaps this latter quality more than any other explains why anecdotal biography is so popular. Its writers can afford to dispense with the duty of giving a

formal verdict, and its readers are content that this should be replaced by social gossip and enlivening anecdote.

THIS tendency is often lamented as likely to prove injurious to the biographer's art, but our New York contemporary makes light of the danger. Multiplication of anecdotal memoirs will, it believes, only the more certainly end in their classification as a sort of gossip journalism, and the whole anecdotal tendency is a natural accompaniment of excess in the habit of writing biographies of persons who have little claim to the distinction. When so many biographies are written, attention is directed to the art, and it is not unreasonable to expect that there may rise out of the ruck some that will possess both sincerity of conception and careful workmanship.

JULES CLARETIE had begun to publish his memoirs as a serial in the "Journal" shortly before his death. It is satisfactory to learn that for some time past he had been in the habit of devoting a portion of each day to the work, and that he had made considerable progress. We may therefore expect a most interesting addition to the French literary memoirs of the nineteenth century.

A COLLECTION of unpublished letters written by Dostoevsky will be published shortly by a German firm in Munich. They are said to throw much fresh light on the relations that existed between Dostoevsky and Turgenev. Dostoevsky seems to have been offended by Turgenev's patronising air, and also to have resented the unsympathetic manner in which he was accustomed to speak of Russia.

AMONG the literary anniversaries of 1914 are the centenaries of the birth of Aubrey de Vere, on January 10th, of Mrs. Henry Wood, on January 17th, of Charles Reade, on June 8th, of Thomas Osborne Davis, on October 14th; and the bicentenary of William Shenstone's birth on October 18th. Another anniversary with many literary associations will be the bicentenary of Whitefield's birth on December 16th.

BOOKLOVERS who are not endowed with long purses, and who wish their reprints to have some resemblance in form to the early editions, have cause to be grateful for "The Tudor and Stuart Library" published by the Clarendon Press. The latest addition to this delightful series is a reprint of John Wilson's seventeenth-century version of Erasmus's "The Praise of Folly." The choice is in every way a happy one. Erasmus deserves to be held in honor in the world of books, and, as Mrs. Allen points out in her introduction, Wilson's rendering has a true if faint echo of his terse vivacity. The old spelling has been wisely retained, and readers who have a leaning to what is uncommon or quaint will find their tastes gratified in this new edition. Our only fault with "The Tudor and Stuart Library" is that its volumes appear at too infrequent intervals.

WE learn that "Mark Rutherford's" library is to be sold at Sotheby's on January 13th. Mr. Hale White was a true book-lover, and his collection includes many choice volumes.

IT does not often happen that a man of world-wide celebrity wins an entirely new kind of fame at the age of seventy. Mr. Thorsten Nordenfelt, of the Maxim-Nordenfelt gun, may count upon achieving this in a very marked degree with a most useful and interesting little volume, entitled "Historiska Santidighetstabeller," published last week in Stockholm by the Svenska Tryckeriaktiebolaget. This is an outline of the history of the world in the form of chronological tables, arranged in parallel columns. It is interesting to note the English names included in the last section devoted to "Literature"—Rudyard Kipling, Francis Thompson, Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, and Arnold Bennett. Rabindranath Tagore is also mentioned, but though his writings are known to the world in the English language, he can hardly be called an Englishman. The book has been carefully compiled, and its arrangement is excellent. It cannot fail to be immensely popular in Sweden.

Reviews.

THE BUCCANEER-PREACHER IN POLITICS.

"Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography." (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

It takes a man of considerable courage to be his own biographer and to publish in his lifetime. But nobody will deny Mr. Roosevelt's claim to courage. And the result justifies him. For his revelation of Theodore Roosevelt as man and politician is even more complete than any biographer could possibly imagine. Such a career would only be possible in our time and in America. We see what can be achieved by a man of quite mediocre ability and education, with great industry, immense determination, and absolute self-confidence. But these, it will be said, are, after all, only the common properties of most successful businessmen. In order that they may be fully available in politics, their possessor must feel sure that he has a spiritual call to sweep away abuses, remedy grievances, and take personal charge of the largest section of the universe which he can bring within his reach. And what is equally important, he must feel confident, after each event, that his success has been complete.

This character is compatible with a certain sort of distinction which he values, as sportsman, rancher, soldier, historian, moralist, reformer; but he is careful to inform us that he was not born with any genius or special aptitude of doing any of these things.

"I have never won anything without hard labor and the exercise of my best judgment and careful planning and working long in advance. Having been a rather sickly and awkward boy, I was as a young man at first both nervous and distrustful of my own prowess. I had to train myself painfully and laboriously, not merely as regards my body but as regards my soul and spirit."

He thus acquires the pride of the completely self-made man, who conquered by the force of his own will. He half pretends that others could do just the same; but he really knows they could not, because they have not his will. He is shrewd enough to recognize in part the defect of this egoism, and to associate it with the characteristic training of the American boy.

"I grew into manhood thoroughly imbued with the feeling that a man must be respected for what he made of himself. But I had also, consciously or unconsciously, been taught that socially and industrially pretty much the whole duty of man lay in thus making the best of himself; that he should be honest in his dealings with others and charitable in the old-fashioned way to the unfortunate; but that it was no part of his business to join with others in trying to make things better for the many by curbing the abnormal and excessive individualism in a few."

He was soon to learn the lesson that politics is a career in which a man may successfully combine an intense cultivation of his own individuality by the very process of curbing and repressing the "excessive individualism" of others.

The worst of an autobiography written by such a man is that, since everything he does is mightily interesting to him, he cannot even conceive that it may not be equally interesting to his readers. There is a complete absence of selection and of literary form. His strong memory is allowed its free run through long tracts of irrelevant detail and a mere multiplication of cases illustrating some point of politics or some private interest. But even this defect has a biographical value, helping us to see how Mr. Roosevelt really looks at life. It is also associated with a *naïveté* which belongs to the complete self-complacency of such a nature. Perhaps the most amusing instance of this is the insertion, at the end of a chapter describing his personal part in the Cuban War, of a long appendix containing documents and letters in support of his decoration for "personal gallantry" at San Juan. Probably, he is prouder of this testimonial than of any other incident of his crowded and various life. For he is first, and above all, a fighting man, and the passion of every fight, whatever its object and method, derives from the sheer animalism of physical strife. Young Roosevelt was evidently drawn into New York politics in the first instance because it was the most available battle-field. Tammany was a great devouring dragon calling for stout-

hearted assailants; the Legislature was a haunt of crooks and boddlers, in league sometimes with corrupt corporations, sometimes with their blackmailers; the Party machine was a constant scene of warring bosses, and of their violence and cunning. What a challenge to a strenuous young man, conscious of "the will to power," and anxious for a field of operation! It is, however, proper to observe that, though, as a young man, Mr. Roosevelt had nothing that he would have called a constructive policy, he realized at the outset that he was out to "do battle for the Lord." And admirable service he rendered in those early days. For a young man who meant business and had grit could hardly go wrong. The abuses which he set himself to redress were so manifest and so monstrous as to give full scope for the energies of an honest and capable champion of reform. As he ascended from lower to higher offices, from New York Committeeman to Civil Service Commissioner, then to Police Commissioner in New York City, then to Governor and afterwards to the White House, he found ever-expanding opportunities for stamping out abuses and fighting evil men, the work of practical administrative reform to which he was so admirably adapted.

In the account he gives of the stages of his upward career we have many glimpses of the seamy side of American politics. But it is fair to add that there is in Mr. Roosevelt's account no pessimism or promiscuous mud-slinging. He is a firm believer in popular government, and even in the party machine. In the worst days of the New York Legislature, he finds not more than one-third of the representatives positively dishonest, and he indulges in a curious eulogium of several of the most notorious corruptionists whose personal alliance he found necessary to his political career. Senators Quay of Pennsylvania and Platt of New York assuredly have more than justice here done to any private virtues which may have offset their public conduct. This capacity for turning a blind eye to awkward facts was no doubt essential to the complete self-satisfaction with which Mr. Roosevelt viewed the fruits of his reforming efforts. "Our efforts were crowned with entire success," "No decent citizen had anything to fear from the police during the two years of my service"—and so *passim*. Each successive office was thus a fresh triumph, greater than the last.

One feels that statecraft to such a man is a very simple art. It is chiefly a matter of applied moral convictions, very little of thought and informed intelligence. A thoroughly honest, clear-headed man who has steeped himself in concrete affairs can safely take in hand the largest of political problems, and improvise solutions. This we believe to be Mr. Roosevelt's honest conviction, and it is borne out by everything he says and does. Along these lines he tackled corruption and incompetency in the police and the Civil Service, and later in the Army. When he was put into an office which demanded constructive policy for the handling of such complex issues as Trusts and the conflict of Capital and Labor, he could only see these, too, as simple administrative problems. All that was required was to distinguish good trusts from bad trusts, favor the one and punish the other. Similarly, he approached the labor problem, which came into his horizon in his middle life. Capitalists who are arrogant and obstinate in the assertion of their rights must be taught their place. One of the most stirring incidents of his Presidential career was his successful bludgeoning of the anthracite coal operators into a conciliatory attitude by threatening to take their mines from them by military force and work them under armed surveillance. But labor unions, too, must know their place, and not breed insolence or become unduly exacting. Mr. Roosevelt is the swash-buckling moralist in politics. But not merely is he a moralist; he is always a preacher. His politics can always be thrown into moral maxims of the commonplace order. "In foreign affairs, his principle from which he never deviated, was to have the nation behave towards other nations precisely as a strong, honorable, and upright man behaves in dealing with his fellow-men." Now, the trouble is that these large moral maxims are so remote from the concrete facts of any particular case that the moralist is able to do anything he feels like doing at the time and to justify his conduct by his principles. A good example is Mr. Roosevelt's Panama policy. To him Columbia was a base and treacherous power, tyrannically misruling the virtuous citizens of Panama, and planning a wicked act of

robbery. The virtuous citizens, animated by a love of freedom, were planning a rebellion, without aid or instigation from outside. What was a powerful and benevolent neighbor to do? Surely, to prevent the tyrant from repressing the struggle for liberty, and to give the earliest recognition to a new-born republic, which would then be able to reciprocate by conceding to the benevolent neighbor the valuable little concessions she required in order to make her canal. Incitement from outside! Capitalist instigation! Procurator of rebellion! What baseless calumny! "No one connected with the (American) Government had any previous knowledge concerning the proposed revolution, except such as was accessible to any person who read the newspapers and kept abreast of current questions and current affairs. By the unanimous action of the people and without the firing of a shot the State of Panama declared itself an independent republic." Unfortunately for Mr. Roosevelt, another narrator, even more naïf than he, M. Bunan-Vasilea, has given a most circumstantial account of his extraordinary difficulties in procuring this spontaneous revolution, and describes the interviews he had with Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay, and the more intimate intercourse he enjoyed with persons in their close confidence. Yet to Mr. Roosevelt his critics are nothing but vile calumniators, who make "a fetish of disloyalty to the country."

"To have acted otherwise than I did would have been on my part betrayal of the interests of the United States, indifference to the interests of Panama, and recreancy to the interests of the world at large."

There is, after all, some touch of moral genius in a man who can denounce as "bandit morality" the refusal of the Columbian House of Representatives to sanction an illegal pledge of their Executive, while he connives at and assists a local insurrection which will secure for the United States the strip of land she coveted.

Mr. Roosevelt pours scorn upon what he calls "silk stocking reformers" who find politics "low" and hope to bring to bear the improving influence of "the better elements." And doubtless there is a good deal of unctuousness and cant in this talk and attitude. But a curious feature in Mr. Roosevelt's career is that, when he leaves the detailed work of fighting "bad men" and clearing "Augean stables," for which he is well fitted, to enunciate large principles of policy, his own peculiar brand of cant outdoes any that the "goo-goos" can exhibit. Pacifists may be "the amiable but fatuous" persons he describes them as being, but what are we to say of the man who christens his Jingoism "The peace of righteousness," and opens a chapter so entitled with the following sentences?

"There can be no nobler course for which to work than the peace of righteousness; and high honor is due to those serene and lofty souls who with wisdom and courage, with high idealism tempered by sane facing of the actual facts of life, have striven to bring nearer the day when armed strife between nations, between class and class, between man and man shall end throughout the world. Because all this is true, it is also true that there are no men more ignoble or more foolish, no men whose actions are fraught with greater possibility of mischief to their country and to mankind, than those who exalt unrighteous peace as better than righteous war."

Is it conceivable that there exists in America a public to which these thoughts appear profound, this language fine?

CO-OPERATIVE HISTORY.

"The Cambridge Medieval History." Vol. II. Edited by Professors H. M. GWATKIN and J. P. WHITNEY. (Cambridge University Press. 20s. net.)

WE welcome the second volume of this monumental work, which marks an advance beyond its predecessor in some important technical details, just as the first volume had profited by the experience of earlier co-operative histories. But we still feel that it would be a great advantage to the student if some more effective scheme could be devised for minimizing the frequent repetitions and occasional contradictions which sometimes embarrass the reader.

"On one important question" (write the Editors in their Preface) "we are quite impenitent. The repetitions of which some of them complain are not due to any carelessness in editing, but to the deliberate belief of the Editors that some events may with advantage be related more than once by different writers in different connexions and from different

points of view. Thus, to take an instance actually given, the sack of Rome by Gaiseric is a cardinal event in the history of the Vandals, and a cardinal event in that of the last days of the Empire in the West. In which chapter would they advise us to leave it out? Repetitions there must be, if individual chapters are not to be mutilated. Nor are we much concerned about occasional disagreements of our contributors, though we have sometimes indicated them in a note. Consistency is always a virtue in a single writer; not always in a composite work like this. We have often called the attention of one contributor to the fact that another is of a different opinion; but we see no advantage in endeavoring to conceal the fact that students of history do not always come to the same conclusions."

To this we should feel tempted to reply that it is for the editors themselves to decide from which chapter to leave it out, but that the public would obviously gain by its omission either from Chapter XI. or from Chapter XIV. The claims of these rival chapters might have been equally balanced; but in that case the editors might safely have chosen either alternative at random, and have indicated in Chapter XI. that the event would be fully related in Chapter XIV., or vice versa. Still more space would have been gained in other cases; e.g., the repetition of Julian's religious policy in Chapters III. and IV., and the overlapping between Chapters XVIII. and XXII. in this second volume. Such a process of compression would probably have saved more than enough space to afford room for the history of Charles the Great's educational activities. No doubt this will appear in some later instalment; but it seems strange that, in the volume now before us, Dr. Seeliger's two admirable chapters on Charles should contain no hint of this most important part of his policy, and should scarcely recognize the bare existence of such a man as Alcuin. With regard to the contradictions, again, should not all of any importance be indicated in footnotes? Some of the most startling in Vol. I. were not so indicated; but we gladly bear witness that there seems a definite advance in the present volume, and that the translations of the German articles are far easier (though not always positively easy) to read. Finally, we should like to add our voice to the many others which would welcome a more liberal use of footnotes everywhere. This is the more important, because these volumes deal with periods comparatively unfamiliar to the average British student, and we ourselves here feel the pinch of the shoe.

That the editors should have found distinguished foreign specialists for more than half the volume, constitutes one of their many claims on the gratitude of the reading public. But the temptation of the specialist in general—and even more, perhaps, of the German or American specialist—is to be original at all costs, original even *ὀπίρ ὁ γέγραται*. A remarkable instance of this was the article on "Piers Plowman" in the "Cambridge History of English Literature"; which, however valuable for the stimulus which it gave, is now abandoned in its main conclusions by the majority of competent scholars. A full series of footnotes would very much have hastened the *dénouement* of this drama; and the reader accustomed to traditional views will more than once long for some indication, in the volume now before us, of the exact evidence upon which he is now asked to change his standpoint. Take, for instance, Dr. Becker's two chapters on the expansion of the Saracens (XI. and XII.). We are here plainly warned to depart from the "one-sided ecclesiastical and clerical point of view." The new point of view, at which we are now to stand, was probably rather more clearly indicated in its original German than in this present translation; certainly the exposition has left us in some confusion and doubt. The moving forces, we gather, were not only predominantly, but almost wholly, economic; the one most negligible factor in the expansion of Islām was Islām itself: "Islām was simply a change in the watchword for which [the Saracens] fought." We read on further, and begin to feel uneasily that Dr. Becker, writing at a safe enough distance from the age and the people described, would have discovered the religious element to be the one negligible factor in the Ulster problem. And yet we have an almost equally uneasy suspicion that he may possibly be right; for we know only too well that vast tracts of medieval history are still waiting for spade-work. The world may rightly have neglected these as desert; but, on the other hand, a Pompeii or a Troy may lie there under the surface, only waiting for some bold discoverer. How are we to test Dr. Becker? Is he a greater Schliemann or (however involuntarily) a minor de Rougemont? We turn to the

bibliography for these two chapters, and find six large octavo pages filled with book-titles; at a rough computation, more than five hundred volumes. About a tenth of these are noted as specially important. Having read these fifty volumes, therefore, in many different languages, we shall doubtless know whether Dr. Becker is preaching a new gospel or an old paradox. Yet it is probable that two or three brief footnotes on each page, indicating a few pages or chapters of some standard modern work, would have enabled us to judge roughly for ourselves, without wandering far outside the covers of "The Cambridge Medieval History."

And, lastly, is it too late to plead once more for a subject index? In spite of all the efforts of editors and contributors to give continuous interest to the volume, it is necessarily rather encyclopædic than picturesque; a volume for reference rather than an armchair book, and therefore essentially a subject for full indexing. Yet, even for the creation of the Exarchate and the adoption of the "Filioque" clause (both of which are practically proper names), the index gives no help; and in one or two places it suggests a lack of historical knowledge on the compiler's part, especially in its confusion between the two saints ordinarily known as Columba and Columbanus. The maps are, as a rule, as useful as uncolored maps could be; but in No. 22 the boundaries of the duchies—by far the most important feature for the ordinary student of the period—are rather difficult to follow. On the other hand, we have much reason to be grateful for the conscientious accuracy which prompted the issue of two cancel-maps for the first volume, in correction of small errors which many editors would have left as they stood. Indeed, any review would be unjust which did not insist far more emphatically on the value of this volume than on what we judge to be its shortcomings. If we have devoted more space to these latter, it is only in our hope that the high standard already attained may be yet surpassed in later volumes.

It is, perhaps, no defect—and, in any case, it must be unavoidable—that the treatment of different chapters should vary very considerably. At one pole, specialists like Dr. Roby or Professor Vinogradoff give us, in the most business-like form, such summaries of abstruse subjects as could with difficulty be found elsewhere. At the other pole, Dr. Foakes-Jackson and Canon Hutton earn our gratitude by frankly recognizing that there is little new to be gleaned along the beaten high roads of history, and by aiming, above all things, at clearness of arrangement and style, with as much life as can be imported into a brief and compressed article. Only here and there can a contributor unite both advantages, as where Professors Peisker and Bevan are able to apply the studies of a lifetime to a subject of manageable compass and of intensely human interest. But there is scarcely a chapter in the book which does not reach a high level from the point of view either of the student or of the general reader, and we look forward eagerly to the further volumes of this series.

AN IRISH POET'S MEMORIES.

"Twenty-Five Years' Reminiscences." By KATHARINE TYNAN (Mrs. H. A. HINKSON.) (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is an interesting book to set by the side of Mr. George Moore's "Hail and Farewell." Here we get a view of the Irish literary revival in its blushing youth as in Mr. Moore's book we got an account of it in its shocking middle age. In Mrs. Hinkson's pages, "A. E." and Mr. W. B. Yeats are still competing as to which shall be the shyer and gentler. She gives us many attractive glimpses of the Yeats of twenty-five years ago, so different from the eager and sardonic fighter of to-day. He was, apparently, in those days, as indifferent to meals and meal-times as Shelley, and he was as careless of ordinary appearance as a young poet ought to be. When he stopped with the Tynans, near Dublin, for instance, and wanted to get into town, "he was quite ready to take a seat with Tommy Merrigan, who drove a milk-van into town."

"The spectacle of the poet sitting up among the milk-cans is a weird one in my memory. Other young gentlemen occasionally accepted a seat in the milk-van, taking care to get off before they reached the parts of the city that counted. Not so the poet, who would drive through the smartest streets

in the milk-van, unconscious or careless that it differed from the finest carriage."

Mrs. Hinkson, in her portrait of Mr. Yeats, seldom fails to give us the poet of tradition—the man sublimely unconscious of the earth and its little facts. Once, when he had a cold, she gave him some lozenges containing opium or chlorodyne, "with instructions to suck one two or three times a day."

"He ate through the whole box at a sitting, and thereafter slept for some thirty hours."

She has reprinted many delightful letters from Mr. Yeats. Delightful, we say, even though we do not like this practice of publishing intimate letters from living persons, containing, occasionally, frank comments on their friends. In one of these we are given an early version of "Innisfree." One could not have a better lesson in the meaning of artistic genius than by comparing this with the version that all the world knows. Again, we have glimpses of Mr. Yeats as an art-student in Dublin, and as a man trying to earn a living by writing in London. In those days, all he asked for was mechanical work, such as would not involve writing other people's thoughts for money. Henley recommended him, much to his pleasure, to "Chambers's Encyclopædia" for Irish subjects. "To be mechanical and workmanlike," he wrote to Miss Tynan, "is at present my deepest ambition." He had no enthusiasm for London and its literary society. "London literary folk," he wrote, "seem to divide into two classes—the stupid men with brains and the clever men without any." Before long, he was drawn to William Morris, who tried to get him to write on the Irish question for the "Commonweal." "However," commented Mr. Yeats, "though I think Socialism good work, I am not sure it is my work."

Even before this, Mrs. Hinkson had made her own raid on literary London, and had been welcomed at one of Lady Wilde's eccentric afternoons in Park Street.

"The few shaded candles of Lady Wilde's afternoons were arranged so as to cast the lime-light on the prominent people, leaving the spectators in darkness. Lady Wilde did not forget the spectators. She discovered one in the darkness to draw attention in a loud voice to the points of the exhibits. 'Such a beautiful long neck!' she would say; or 'Do you see the glint on her hair as she turns? I wish Oscar were here to see it.'"

To one dazzlingly beautiful girl who chattered, Lady Wilde said: "My dear Miss Potter, you must not talk so much—not with that face. You should be still—still and grave." It is clear that some at least of Oscar Wilde's mannerisms were hereditary.

Christina Rossetti was another notable figure in literary London whom Miss Tynan got to know. The most interesting memory we have of her is her saying that

"she always picked up a piece of printed paper when she found it, lest it should bear the Holy Name and be trodden upon."

We are not sure, by the way, that Mrs. Hinkson's sympathy with Christina Rossetti, on account of her having to live in dreary London, is not misplaced. We seem to remember that Christina Rossetti has herself somewhere upheld the beauties of London as compared with the beauties of the country.

But the reminiscences of Mrs. Hinkson's book are not all literary. The author has also been something of a politician in her time—not an enthusiastic one, we feel, except for the fact that she worshipped Parnell. She was a member of the Ladies' Land League in the 'eighties, though she seems to have found agrarian politics uninspiring. She then lost her interest in politics for several years till the Parnell split occurred, after which she rallied with the rest of Dublin to "the Chief." She gives us an impressive description of the burial of Parnell in Glasnevin, where young Gaels, armed with hurley sticks, guarded the grave in the dim, starry light of an autumn afternoon:—

"The coffin was lowered. A woman shrieked, and there was a second's confusion: then stillness and the silvery voice of the reader. But as earth touched earth—and anyone who was present will bear me out in this—the most glorious meteor sailed across the clear space of the heavens and fell suddenly. He had omens and portents to the end."

Then there are what we may call the domestic pages, in which the author's father comes delightfully alive. And here and there we get a sudden insight into the life of

Catholic Ireland, as when Mrs. Hinkson discusses Bible-reading:—

"Even in my young days the Old Testament, at least, was regarded by the majority of Catholics as a Protestant book. I dare say a good many people, Protestant as well as Catholic, thought that the Bible was written by a Protestant for Protestants. The Irish Protestants had laid violent hands on the Book, and made it their own. They had wrought evil deeds upon the peasantry in the Rebellion of '68, Bible in hand, finding full justification for their doings in the pages of the Old Testament. To myself its pages were smeared with blood, and something more terrible than blood. No one ever taught me this feeling. I think the average well-to-do Irish Catholic simply regarded the Book as excellent for Protestants, and went back to his or her true 'Key of Heaven' and 'Catholic Piety.' It was among the *Biblia abbatia*."

This suggests that, when, in "John Bull's Other Island," Broadbent referred to the Bible as an essentially Protestant document, he was expressing, not only the English, but the Irish point of view.

We are grateful to Mrs. Hinkson for this original and entertaining volume of memories. She writes at times with an almost school-girlish enthusiasm for the great people of the world of letters and society. This makes even her smallest experiences curiously vivid. In the result, "Twenty-Five Years' Reminiscences" is the liveliest and most refreshing book of literary recollections we have read for a long time.

VILLON.

"The Poems of Francois Villon." Translated by H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is not in the least surprising that Villon should always have exercised such a fascination upon translators, and that Mr. Stacpoole has braced himself to follow in the footsteps of Rossetti, Swinburne, and Sygne. It is, of course, futile to attempt to recruit him into the army of literary evolution. He had no axe to grind, no "message" to deliver, no theories to generate and amplify. For all that, this "povre petit escolier" was the Atlas of French literature, dragging it from the possession of the balladists of the fourteenth century, who did nothing but sit on it, and, like a conjurer, spinning it round on his shoulders the way he wanted it to go. He dropped into the dustbin what Du Bellay calls the "rondeaux, ballades, vyzelair, chantzroyaux, chansons, et autres telles épiques qui corrompent le goust de notre langue," or rather, as he worked in these out-worn shibboleths, he threw himself into the dustbin with them, and transfigured it into a palace of art and truth. But the point about Villon is that his historical achievement in the re-incarnation of French poetry is a symbol and a parable of his creative services to the significance of literature in general. He is one of the few great "vitalists" of art, and he brought to it something of that same "astringent joy and hardness," which enabled Sygne—like him, a natural lover of the "picaresque" element in life—to disperse the vapors of the attenuated Celtic mystics and visionaries. Villon was not only an artist of an infinite diversity of personal mood, but he was, in his craft, several other people as well. He was a thief, a bibulous libertine, an idealist, a dreamer, a flibuster, a scurrilous lampoonist, a lover of virtue, piety, lowliness, tenderness, and children. He was himself a child and a light-o'-love bewailing her lost youth, a simple old woman kneeling to the Virgin, a poor criminal condemned to be hanged, a gallant and courtly bridegroom going to his bride, a disillusioned lover, a sensual old ruffian of a monk, and a philosopher to boot. And because Villon was so uncompromisingly true to himself, and so, to the larger self of life and nature, so each of these several manifestations of his unfettered personality are endowed with an intense and poignant veracity, which makes them not only individual but representative figures of humanity. All his verse throws off radiations from elemental and universal principles. And this unity in Villon of the personal with the abstract consciousness was derived in part from an artistic method, which was a violent reaction from the abstract. The salience of his craftsmanship lies in its concreteness—in its firm and definite outlines. His method was as gaunt and ruthless as his vision. Words were with him always the expression of things, and the crisp, concise genius of the Latin tongue was vested supremely in his

art. His words, in themselves, are animate—they sting, palpitate, shudder, jest, weep, and laugh with the mood of their creator. They are forged hot in the workshop of life. Even in its moments of pathos, lament, and general retrospect, his verse is never vague or somnolent. His tears are as salt as his invective.

It is perhaps this acidity, combined with the rebellious freshness and sanity of his temperament, so wonderfully planted in the soil of his poetry, that makes for Villon's attraction to his translators, and leads them to ignore the practically insuperable obstacles to an apt and faithful rendering. His translators have indeed lifted Villon's verse into the medium of another language, but left him behind. Rossetti's version of the "Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis" and Swinburne's of the "Ballade des Pendus" are reflections, not of Villon, but of Rossetti and Swinburne. Mr. Stacpoole has, at any rate, avoided that. He has striven manfully, and with some success, to model his translation upon the exact, unhesitating, and pungent workmanship of the original. The result is, it is true, rather cumbrous, abrupt, and pedestrian. But what it loses in melody and sensitiveness it gains in directness and vigor. For all that, he has failed, as others have failed before him, and as others will fail after him. None the less, it is a highly creditable failure. Personally, we think that he would have been well advised to extend the principle of his excellent prose commentary upon "Le Grand Testament" and "Le Petit Testament" to the ballades and rondeaux. A rhythmical prose would have suited Villon as well, and Mr. Stacpoole better. As it is, his verse misses the quintessence of Villon—his perfect literary style, and shows a rather fidgetty obedience to the exigences of rhyme and metre, a restlessness which his close dependence upon the verse-structure of the original only accentuates. He writes a charming impressionist introduction to the volume, though, to glorify his "subject" the better, he is prone to depreciate Rabelais and the great French poets.

TWO HISTORICAL NOVELS.

"Great Days." By FRANK HARRIS. (Lane. 6s.)

"The Race of Castlebar." By EMILY LAWLESS and SHAN F. BULLOCK. (Murray. 6s.)

AFTER finishing "Great Days" one is a little puzzled to account for the author's reasons for attempting an historical novel of a Sussex smuggler's life in the days of the Directory. Had he chosen the period 1792-4, when the London Corresponding Society were toasting "The Rights of Man" at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, and depicted Pitt's machinations when Hardy, Holcroft, and Horne Took, were arrested and tried for high treason, Mr. Frank Harris's interest in revolutionists might have helped him to construct a clever piece of social drama; but he must take it as a compliment when we say that Hurstpoint in 1803 is far too John Bullish a centre for his pen. His hero, Jack Morgan, son of a shrewd, smuggling innkeeper, is brought up to a seafaring life, and no doubt the author was tempted by the opportunities his scenes give of contrasting the Tory atmosphere in Sussex with that of French patriotism in Cherbourg and Bordeaux. But Mr. Frank Harris is frankly a landsman, and his careful descriptions of Channel sea-fights, are destitute of salt. One has only to take up, say, Captain Marryat's "The Privateersman" to see how lifeless, airless, and colorless is the picture of life aboard the "Dolphin" and the brigantine, "The Bee." Whether the English escape the attentions of a French frigate, or, as happens later, capture one and take her into Hurstpoint, we remain profoundly indifferent, and this can only be because the author is not at home on the water, and does not write of it with zest or spontaneity.

Better is the picture of life at Cherbourg, where Jack is confined, after his capture by the French, when he falls in love with and marries Suzanne, the niece of Colonel Caressa, Governor of the French prison, and idolater of Bonaparte. Mr. Harris has caught neatly the brisk atmosphere of Republican France; but his plot, which calls Jack back, and later his wife also, to Hurstpoint, prevents him from developing his pleasing sketch. Perhaps the chief element of weakness of the story is implicit in the fact that neither Jack nor his creator seem

to find the society of the period congenial. When old Morgan schemes to make Jack a gentleman and marry the squire's daughter, Miss Barron, and own The Court estate, which is heavily mortgaged to him, Jack's intercourse and talk with his "betters," Selwyn, Nugent, and with Margaret herself, seem strangely unreal. We do not even believe in Jack's fascination for Miss Barron, and the lovers' interviews are much too modern in tone. The best two passages in the book are, first, Jack's meeting with Charles James Fox, and, secondly, his savage fight with Crosby in the inn kitchen. The portrait of old Morgan, the long-headed inn-keeper, is also convincingly done; but it is one thing to comprehend the social outlook of a period, and another thing to create the subtleties of tone and manner of vanished types of men and women; and it is clear that Mr. Harris's talent is cribbed and cabined in "Great Days."

Miss Emily Lawless, whose recent death after years of ill-health was lately announced, showed in "Maelcho," "Grania," and "With Essex in Ireland" remarkable powers of describing primitive Irish manners and the West Coast barren landscape, along with unusual insight into historical atmospheres. In "The Race of Castlebar" she followed her favorite method of picturing Irish manners through the eyes of an Englishman fresh from the civilized refinements and luxury of home, adventuring unwillingly among the wild, forbidding stretches of barbarous Far Connaught. Her point of view was that of the conquering aristocracy whose residence in Ireland made them familiar with native feeling, but never of it; and it is interesting to compare her standpoint with that of Synge and others who unlock for us the inner doors of Gaelic feeling.

The hero of "The Race of Castlebar," Mr. Jack Bunbury, of a Cambridgeshire family, is despatched by his irate parent, Sir Peter, post-haste to Connaught, to rescue his sister, Lady Byrne, from the dangers that appear imminent in the rebellion of '98 and the projected French invasion. Unfortunately, bad health prevented Miss Lawless from writing more than ten of the early chapters that deal with Ireland, and the six that finish the tale; and the intervening portion, nearly half the book, is from Mr. Shan F. Bullock's pen. So well has the plan of collaboration worked, that few critics, we imagine, could declare precisely where the work of the two authors dovetail. Miss Lawless's peculiar note of melancholy and brooding depth is, however, clearly distinguishable in the closing scenes, where we follow Colonel O'Byrne's escape from Killala, and his circuitous, perilous route to Galway. The tragic bitterness of Irish history is finely symbolized in the figure of this returned exile, one of "the Wild Geese," whose mother, the Catholic Lady Alinora, still inhabits the apartments at Castle Byrne, reserved for her by family arrangement. It is to this picturesque relic of the old régime that Mr. Bunbury makes his way, after arriving in Dublin, where he is greeted by a retinue of ragged torch-bearers, sent to rescue him from a neighboring bog. The picture is interesting, but we are not sorry when the plot carries Mr. Bunbury forward to Castlebar, which he reaches on the day of the English rout. How many of Mr. Bullock's readers, we wonder, will be aware that Charles Lever has described the episode of Humbert's invasion at Killala in one of his most spirited novels?

Let us say, emphatically, that it would be difficult to improve on Mr. Shan Bullock's vivid scenes. He has succeeded to perfection in indicating the pitiable state of the unfortunate Connaught peasantry, who, turbulent and undisciplined, flocked in from the countryside to join the French standard, but, useless to the disgusted invaders, and ignorant of war, were butchered and hanged wholesale by the English forces, directly General Humbert

had laid down his arms. The scenes of pandemonium among the excited Irish levies at Killala, around the Bishop's palace, are exceedingly lifelike, and Mr. Bullock has not spared his countrymen's susceptibilities in his unsparing characterization of those patriotic excesses. Most notable is his portraiture of the good Bishop Stock of Killala, whose labors to save the afflicted from the menace of "battle, murder, and sudden death," was admirably seconded by the French officer left in charge. We take it, from a note to the text, that Bishop Stock did in fact publish his experiences of the invasion in '98, and that our author has drawn on it to a considerable extent. But whether or no, Mr. Bullock has done a notable thing in his reconstruction of these historical scenes—one which will stand comparison with Mr. Buckley's intimate picture of the Wexford Rising in '98 in his novel, "Croppies Lie Down." It is a mournful episode, this bloody link in the tragic chain of Ireland's devastation, and we may note that the civic disunion from which Ireland has suffered for so many long centuries, the intestine war between her Catholic and Protestant factions, is as strongly insisted on by Mr. Bullock as by any of his predecessors.

The Week in the City.

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THE Stock Exchange has passed through a very bad year of steadily crumbling prices, with the exception of brewery and bank shares. And the general downward movement has so impressed the public that investment has been retarded, while speculation has been almost extinguished. Nor is there, it would seem, much immediate prospect of a recovery. No doubt there is a great deal of money awaiting investment; but the French and Balkan loans have got to be faced; Mexico is in chaos, and the state of Brazilian finances is regarded with increasing anxiety, in spite of the reported sale of the Armstrong Dreadnought to Turkey. In the last few days the State of Para (which has been hard hit by the fall of rubber) has defaulted on a quantity of bills. Then, China is another problem; for the new Government still wants more money. Consols have been supported in the last few days by Sinking Fund purchases; but what will happen to them in the New Year if taxation is increased and the Sinking Fund diminished? No wonder that City men are beginning to desire economy and to ask whether the increase of armaments is a law of nature. From this point of view, the revenue returns are not very encouraging. The best advice perhaps that can be given to investors is to buy sound securities of the gilt-edged class. For a general reaction in favor of a limitation of armaments is evidently in sight; and once that occurs, a recovery (slow at first, but after-

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wards more rapid) may fairly be anticipated. A year or two hence, many Government and municipal stocks should stand much higher than they do now, always provided there is no further explosion of war. The money outlook is clearer, and a reduction of the Bank rate seems to be in sight. Trade is still hesitating, but as yet there is not very much to grumble about, especially when we look at the depression in the United States and Canada, as well as in Italy, Austria, and even Germany.

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BANK SHARE YIELDS.

Bank and Insurance shares have been among the few spots in the Miscellaneous Share Markets which have not been entirely neglected by the investor just lately. Several insurance companies have raised their dividends, and possibly there is some idea that the banks, who have enjoyed a year of active business and fairly high money rates, may also be able to show very prosperous accounts. It is to be feared, however, that though profits may be record ones, depreciation of investments will again cut into them severely, and higher dividends are hardly to be expected. The South-Western, which has been expanding its business very rapidly and always tries to be first with its dividend announcement, has declared the same as last year, although the lowness of the yield for some time past has indicated that an increase is expected fairly soon. The Joint Stock has put its dividend up to 11 per cent. against 10½ per cent. Dividends, therefore, will certainly not be reduced unless particular institutions have sustained heavy and unexpected losses in connection with business they may have undertaken in the past year. Yields on the leading bank shares, on the basis of last year's dividends, are very good indeed, as may be seen from the following summary:—

	Share.	Paid.	Div.		Yield.
	£	£	%	Price.	£ s. d.
Capital & Counties ...	50	10	16	30	5 5 0
Lloyds ...	50	8	19½	28	5 3 0
London & Provincial ...	10	5	19½	19	4 17 6
London & South Western ...	10	4	17	14½	4 14 0
London, City & Midland ...	60	12½	18	46½	4 16 6
London County & Westminster	20	5	21½	21	5 1 0
London Joint Stock ...	100	15	11	27½	6 1 0
Metropolitan ...	50	5	15	13	5 11 0
National Provincial ...	60	12	18	41	5 4 6
Union of London ...	100	15½	12	33½	5 11 0

These yields make no allowance for the fact that a half-year's dividend will be paid either this month or next, so that the shares are really cheaper than they look. On the other hand, there are always the expenses of purchase to be considered when calculating the actual return on money invested. The rather heavy liability on some shares may will debar the very cautious investor from holding too many bank shares; but a call on the shares of any of the above London banks is almost unthinkable. The banks would not call up capital for the purpose of extending their business, because it reduces the apparent security for deposits. Rather, as the business grows, do they prefer to issue more shares, generally to shareholders, on very favorable terms. When the depreciation in gilt-edged securities does stop, as some time it must do, bankers' profits will show very substantial margins over current dividends.

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THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of this company was held at the Cannon Street Hotel on December 29th. The Right Hon. the Earl of Carrick presided.

The Chairman, in the course of his speech, said that the Board thought it would be to the advantage of shareholders if more information than the usual monthly returns printed in the press could be given to them between the annual meetings, and to meet this an interim report was sent out to the shareholders some months ago, and such interim reports would be continued each year in future.

He was certain they would be glad to hear that the principal pits were now unwatered and that coal was soon likely to be extracted at the normal rate prior to the accident. As some new shafts were also on the point of production it was reasonable to expect that the output would soon exceed any production hitherto obtained. There were brighter prospects before the company in regard to the sale of its coal. During the month of September last inquiries were received for over 12,000 tons of coal for different places along the West Coast of America, whilst a sample shipment was made to one of the ports in question and was sold at a substantial profit.

Continuing, the Chairman said he thought that many of the shareholders would expect him to make some reference to the constant attacks made upon the company by the weekly periodical known as "Truth." At more than one Board meeting those attacks—attacks inspired by an employee of the company (Mr. H. P. King), who had recently left prior to the termination of his three years' agreement—were most carefully considered. Their view was that, in the best interests of the shareholders, it was their clear duty at the present time—when a brighter future seemed to be ahead of the company—to take no open and direct notice of attacks which were felt to be undeserved, and to which they believed the most telling reply would be the placing of the company's affairs upon a dividend-paying basis with the least possible delay. Attacks similarly inspired to those which were published in "Truth" appeared in the local press in China, and it became necessary for the company to take legal action to prevent Mr. King from disclosing information in violation of his agreement with the company. This action resulted in an undertaking being given to the company (the terms of which the Chairman read).

The Board had not had altogether a bed of roses during the past few years, and obstacles had faced them at every turn. They were hopeful that they would make, at long last, a success of the Syndicate's interests. The Chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. Chantrey Inchbald seconded the motion.

After questions, &c., from various shareholders, to which the Chairman replied, the resolution was adopted.

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As an example of the author's style, we may quote the following:—

"Day after day, in the awful quiet of my chamber, I traced my nervous downfall from its beginning, through years of cumulative causes, ending always in hopeless despair of ever regaining a tithe of that which I had lost. From the storehouse of my experience and reading, I marshalled one case after another of sufferers like myself, who, overcome by the penalty of their own folly, had sunk into a living oblivion or gone to untimely graves. I think that the poet Southey's life-struggle against a bravely-disguised, but nevertheless mortal, nerve-weakness recurred to me most persistently. Over and over again I repeated to myself his words: 'A man had better break a bone, or even lose a limb, than shake his nervous system.'"

It is not until the end of the book that Mr. Hazeltine lets us into his "secret."

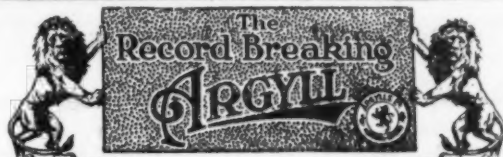
"Do you know, my dear," exclaimed my wife, on her return, "that you look positively cheerful this evening? I have not seen you appear so pleased for months. And I do believe you have a better colour. It must do you good for me to go away."

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Eventually, the reader becomes aware that Mr. Hazeltine has actually written this book to express his gratitude to Sanatogen, which, as he says, "wrought little less than a miracle in me." Appreciating this novel form of testimonial, the proprietors of Sanatogen have published Mr. Hazeltine's book for free distribution among nerve-sufferers. It is not an advertisement in the ordinary sense of the word, and everyone who reads it will realize the genuineness of Mr. Hazeltine's confession.

Readers of this article who are interested in the subject should certainly apply for a Free Copy of the book. It is only necessary to send a post-card, mentioning THE NATION, to A. Wulff & Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C., who will also send a Trial Supply of Sanatogen.



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